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The Universalist Leader

Boston and Chicago

February 21, 1925

Unheard Melodies

Margaret Denton

There is nothing more lovely than Silence.
The quiet in which one plucks the heartstrings of the soul
And leaves the air with melody
All vibrant.
Silence is more gentle than the twittering of birds
Drowsy in the hush of evening.
Silence is more poignant than the whispering of leaves, breathing of eternity.
Silence is a little pool, shrouded in water lilies, shadowing in delicate traceries
The distant beauty of the sky.

The Universalist Leader

Continuing the CHRISTIAN LEADER and its predecessors (1819 to 1897), the UNIVERSALIST and its predecessors (1827 to 1897), and the GOSPEL BANNER (1835 to 1897).

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1. The Universal Fatherhood of God.
2. The Spiritual Authority and leadership of His Son, Jesus Christ.
3. The trustworthiness of the Bible as containing a revelation from God.
4. The certainty of just retribution for sin.
5. The final harmony of all souls with God.

Neither this nor any other precise form of words is required as a condition of fellowship, provided the above principles be professed.

Editorial

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

THERE is no lack of interest in the celebration of the birthday of George Washington. The Sons and Daughters of the Revolution always hold exercises. Congress always pauses to listen to his "Farewell Address." And there seems to be a growing tendency for municipalities and states to hold official celebrations. This year the Commissioners of the District of Columbia have arranged such an official celebration for Monday, Feb. 23.

The 193d anniversary of the birth of Washington is marked by the completion of the fund of $120,000 to purchase the ancestral home of Washington in England. It is rapidly becoming another place of pilgrimage like Mount Vernon. The Sulgrave Institution which has carried this matter through to success has rendered a service both to England and to America.

At the celebrations this year also, preliminary announcement will be made of plans to celebrate the bi-centennial of Washington's birth in 1932. At its last session Congress passed a bill providing for a commission to arrange this celebration. Similar bills have been presented to state legislatures.

A world exposition in New York, a school of diplomacy at West Point, a research exposition in Washington, are among plans already suggested for memorials.

The officials of the American branch of the Sulgrave Institution are back of the movement for a celebration in 1932 in all parts of our country. Mr. John A. Stewart, chairman of the Board of Governors, recently said this:

> "Finally we are working out our educational program. We are in touch with the Commissioners of Education n most of the states and we propose special instructi n n the significance of George Washington and a stud of his life. For this purpose it is suggested that his life be divided into seven periods: his forbears and babyhood, his youth, his young manhood up to the time of and including the Braddock campaign, his preparation for leadership of the Revolution and his part in it, reconstruction days and his work in the Constitutional Convention, his Presidency, his death and the significance of his present living influence.
>
> "We are going to try to erase many of the Washington myths. We are going to tr : to : ul merge the Weems history. Old Weems, you know, is responsible for the cherry tree story and for that amount of fable that portrays Washington as a sanctimonious sissy. We want to show that he was a real boy and a real man. Washington could swear at times. Take the Battle of Princeton, for instance. Washington swore like a trooper at Light Horse Harry for disobeying orders. He just stood there and cussed him out while the British were taking pot shots at him and he had to be dragged away to safety. But for all that Washington was deeply religious. He was usually sorry after these outbursts and would go off by himself and pray."

That passion for reality which characterizes our day so animates these gentlemen that they are willing to run the risk of spreading the false doctrine that one must swear to be manly in order to spread the true doctrine that one must be manly, human, real, useful.

Their instinct is sound. Profanity is vulgar and unmanly, but sissiness is worse than profanity. There is a great opportunity before us in church and Sunday school to take advantage of these celebrations and fill boys and girls with the true patriotism and the spirit of practical service of country which animated Washington.

And when we teach the life of Washington we must put alongside of patriotism his prayer "that the blessings which we enjoy may be extended to the entire family of mankind."

* *

THE PRICE WE PAY

WE Universalists have liberty, but we pay for it. We pay a price in wealth and numbers. We pay a certain amount of efficiency. And we pay in churches lost by accident or theft.

The minister himself pays who goes into a free church of the congregational order. He pays in isolation and lack of support when he gets into trouble. In great organizations with bishops and elaborate ecclesiastical machinery there are as many instances where it works for a man as against him. A Methodist preacher went into a little, narrow, selfish church and took a stand for decency, and they attempted to starve him out. His bishop backed him up and supplied his salary until he finished his term. He had an organization behind him.

Yet, with all we pay, we affirm that we are infinitely better off with our liberty.

Dr. Hall said to his class at Tufts College last week: "Dr. Guthrie puts on some dances that offend Bishop Manning. Bishop Manning says 'Stop it,'

and he stops it. Dr. Grant runs a forum. Bishop Manning disapproves and he says 'Close it up,' and it's closed up. How would you fellows like your liberty hampered that way?" And they all allowed they wouldn't like it.

No, in Universalist churches, the congregation rules. We have made progress in forming a central organization, but it is a delegate body, and sovereignty of course rests in the individual parish. If a parish wants to run amuck or commit hari-kari, nobody can stop it. If it wants to go to sleep and let somebody walk off with its front doorstep, or its bell, or its profession of faith, or all its precious traditions, there isn't a single denominational official who has power to order it to wake up.

All this, of course, is apropos of the columns of sensational advertising being given these days to the Medford Hillside Universalist Church.

It is alleged that the pastor, Dr. Chas. C. Clark, is sympathetic with the Ku Klux Klan, a member in fact, and one of its paid organizers. We don't know how true this is, for Dr. Clark, like many Klansmen, has evaded answering the question. We know that as a Universalist clergyman he is free to join the K. K. K., the Masons or the Knights of Columbus. Nobody in our ecclesiastical organization has any stranglehold on the consciences of our ministers or our laymen. They are even free to take the rope we give them, hog-tie and double-hitch themselves as they may elect, and deliver themselves over to any bidder. It may not be expedient, but they nevertheless have the right.

It is alleged that Dr. Clark has received a large number of new members into the church who are sympathetic with the ideas and ideals of the K. K. K., that these new members may be a majority, and that they have the power to turn out the board of trustees and run the church, and probably will do so.

"A deliberate, slowly unfolding plot by members of the Ku Klux Klan," one of the Boston papers calls it, "to seize the Hillside Universalist Church through the simple expedient of packing the membership."

The *Boston Transcript* editorially uses these strong words:

> To think much of the situation which has developed at the Hillside Universalist Church in Medford leads calmly but clearly to a certain sense of outrage. Consider what brought this parish into existence, and to what principles it was eternally dedicated. Twenty-five years or more ago when this church was founded, Medford Hillside was still a small, self-contained community, almost a country village, visited only by three or four trains a day. In this quiet place a church was set up by the members of a sect peculiarly devoted to the ideals of brotherly love and thoughtful tolerance. By their efforts a meeting house was built, and by their kindliness the meeting house soon became a recognized center of all the community's life. Children from every home—Catholic and Methodist and Universalist—came to the entertainments, the celebrations, provided there. Citizens of every view respected its service and services.
>
> And then came the Klan. Its members do not profess the ideals that have always been dear to the members of the Hillside Church. Indeed, to a peculiar degree their organization seems devoted to intolerance, one might almost say to hate. Yet a plan seems to have developed among them gradually to acquire authority and domination within that congregation dedicated to kindliness. Here is an effort strangely akin to thievery, but worse than theft. It is the perversion of a high ideal. It is the appropriation, for petty human ends, of an establishment sacred to One higher than man. When the fundamental anomaly of this situation has been carefully studied and considered by all the members of the Hillside Universalist Church, there can be little doubt that further encroachments will be stopped. If the members of the Klan desire a meeting house in Medford, let them build it with their own hands and dedicate it to their own purpose.

Dr. Clark, the pastor, who says that the Klan is the best friend of the negro, and that Klan organizers who assail Catholics are instantly dismissed, and that the Klan is for the foreigner and Jew, seems to be a sincere, friendly man. If he should discover that he has been mistaken about the Klan, that he has been used, and that he has taken into church membership a group of people determined to run out those who have built and supported this church through the years, of course, as an honorable man, he will protest, and if his protest is not heeded he will resign.

And if all that is alleged is true, and if all that is predicted happens, and if the K. K. K. or its sympathizers take possession of the Medford Hillside Universalist Church, we will remember that it is part of the price of our liberty.

But we will remember likewise that those who take a church under such circumstances pay also. They don't buy liberty. They buy the scorn and contempt of decent men.

After Bunker Hill, General Greene said, "I should like to sell the British another hill at such a price."

And we can well afford to sell several churches, dear as they may be to us, at the price any such group or crowd will pay for Medford Hillside before they get through.

* *

HOW FAR IT GOES

DR. MARION D. SHUTTER, pastor of the Church of the Redeemer, Minneapolis, Minn., writes to Rev. Roger F. Etz as follows:

"I pause before beginning my work this morning to thank the Convention Board through you for its generosity in remembering a project in which I feel vitally interested. On Friday last I met Dr. Blyth and Chaplain Rideout, with one or two others interested in the Chapel. When I read your letter and presented the check to Dr. Blyth, both Chaplain Rideout and the Doctor were moved to tears. Dr. Blyth will acknowledge soon, if he has not already done so, your kindness. We are trying to form a committee of business men of the Twin Cities to take up the matter and put the Chapel through. I will keep you informed from time to time of our progress."

That aid is most effective which stimulates effort in others. Dr. Shutter's letter indicates that this little thousand dollar gift out of our Golden Rule Fund may bring this matter to a focus. We

apparently are in a strategic position. The things we do count for more than we realize. Let us go on and complete the raising of this fund and have the joy while still alive of seeing many vital projects forge ahead.

* *

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS IN TENNESSEE

THE legislature of Tennessee has passed a bill, not yet signed by the Governor as we go to press, forbidding the teaching of evolution in the public schools of that state and forbidding also the teaching of any account of creation other than that set forth in the book of Genesis. A distinguished Methodist of the state calls attention to the fact that the proposed law is lacking, in that "it fails to specify which account in Genesis is to be taken as the authority."

Not only has the legislature distinguished itself by this legislation, but it has had before it a bill providing that before any teacher of the public schools can be paid any part of his salary, he must make and file an affidavit to the effect that he believes in the Deity of Jesus Christ. After bitter debate this bill was amended by the substitution of the word "Divinity" for the word "Deity," whereupon enough of the original proponents of the bill turned from it to defeat it by one vote.

Watching the progress of these various measures, another distinguished Orthodox clergyman of the state said publicly that he never before had believed in the doctrine of evolution, but after these legislative antics he was shaken in his former position and inclined to think that if the great scientists of the country would visit the legislature of Tennessee they would find "the missing link."

There is a fight ahead in Tennessee. It is not a fight that our Church is in any position to make. But on the ground in the great Orthodox Churches are the men making the fight at risk of position and popularity.

In the same state there are changes taking place in the Catholic Church which are much more encouraging. A new Catholic bishop has taken hold. One of the first things he did was to inquire why there were no Catholic Boy Scouts. His clergy told him that it was a Protestant organization. He replied in substance, "Get busy and organize." Asked to whom they should apply his clergy were told to "apply to the regular Scout executive of the state." Catholics now have several troops of Scouts.

This same bishop learned that in all of the public schools of one of the cities of his diocese speakers were to be heard on Washington's birthday. He got his clergy again on the long distance telephone and asked why the parochial schools were not in on this. Presumably he was told that it was merely because they never had been. Then they were told to get speakers and have exercises. Asked whom to get this Catholic bishop replied: "There is my friend Dr. A, the Presbyterian minister whom I met when I was over there. Get him." And they went to work and got him.

The men of vision are busy everywhere. They are in all religious camps. The assumption that all Catholics or all Presbyterians or all Universalists are alike is the height of stupidity. The same roof shelters many temperaments, dispositions and degrees of intelligence.

We must discriminate, and keep on discriminating. We must reach out and keep on reaching out to clasp the hands of our comrades in other camps.

As we fight bigotry, let us cheer and promote brotherhood.

* *

A FUNNY BUT SUGGESTIVE MISTAKE

BY a funny mistake recently in a joint mailing office five hundred copies of the *Congregationalist* were mailed to five hundred subscribers of *Zion's Herald*, Methodist, in place of their own publication. Dr. Hartman, editor of *Zion's Herald*, remarks facetiously that he is chagrined and humiliated to report that no explosions among his subscribers have occurred. Dr. Gilroy of the *Congregationalist* rejoins that he counts on five hundred new subscribers immediately. Both editors chaff one another in such a jovial, friendly way that one realizes at once that they clearly see that they have a common task and therefore are comrades.

The mistake suggests that it would be a great service if the entire *Zion's Herald* constituency could receive at least once a year the *Congregationalist* and the *Congregationalist* family receive *Zion's Herald*. It would be equally serviceable to effect an exchange between the *Christian Register* and the *Universalist Leader*, the *Leader* and the *Christian Endeavor World*, or a general exchange all around.

The editors of all the religious weeklies in Boston like one another and pull together, because they not only see one another, but they see one another's work and understand one another's motives and ideals. They have only to see to respect and like. It would be the same way with the readers of all these journals.

If mechanical and other physical conditions make exchanges for editors impracticable, at least those who live near public libraries can call for these journals there and make their acquaintance. We hope that many of our subscribers will subscribe to one or more of the others. They all differ. They all reflect the different personalities in control and the different denominations to which they are attached. They all use different material. But even he who runs may read that they are after one result. All base their work on the faith in a common Father, all are sure that the true meaning of life and its deepest joy is to help make the Kingdom come here and now, all look to Christ as the way, the truth and the life, and all work in the sublime faith that if we put in our best licks here, we can leave the final outcome with a good God.

There is not one of these journals which stops with the old individual morality. All understand the obligations of the new social morality.

To us there is tremendous encouragement in the thought that these men are comrades, these journals allies in a common work for Christ, and that each week these other weeklies go into thousands of families we ourselves do not reach.

Cruising Cross Country

VII The Old Church on the Battlefield

John van Schaick, Jr.

FINDING myself unexpectedly in Boston today, I remembered my long cherished desire to visit the historic old Universalist church in Charlestown. And as it was a mild and beautiful February morning, I suddenly thought about walking there. The *Boston Transcript* told me that the church was situated at Thompson Square and that the service was to be at 10.30 a. m. There being nobody around to ask the way, I took down a map and charted a course from Universalist Headquarters, near Copley Square, Boston, to Thompson Square, Charlestown, and started at 8.50.

There were many sparrows, starlings and pigeons fluttering about, and two crows whom we have named "Jacques and Juliette Corbeau" peeked over the edge of the roof across the way and cawed a morning greeting. There was a Sabbath calm over everything.

Turning north on Dartmouth Street, I crossed broad and beautiful Commonwealth Avenue. The sun was just lighting up the statue of Wm. Lloyd Garrison. In a moment I was at the waterfront—the Charles River Basin—and turned down stream along the Parkway. I was not certain that an hour and forty minutes was enough time in which to make it, but, like all true pedestrians, I gave the walk the benefit of the doubt. It was well worth it. In the east the sun was getting brighter and warmer every moment, but over the river the mists hung so dense that the buildings of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology on the other bank were entirely blotted out. One could not see even the Cambridge bridge ahead. The basin was frozen but the thaw had brought out the warning signs: "It is forbidden to go on the ice. Danger." One could not follow the usual path between the pier of the Cambridge bridge and the water, but had to swing around. Below the bridge there was open water. A thousand or more gulls and other sea birds were sunning themselves on the ice.

Past the new and expensive apartments on the slopes of Beacon Hill, past the old Suffolk County Jail, past the extensive grounds and buildings of the Massachusetts General Hospital, I made my way on to another bridge. My charted route was to carry me over "Craigie Bridge," and I asked a park policeman if this were it. "It's where it once was," he said. "It is the Charles River Dam now." I saw as I crossed that the parking reaches out from each side almost the whole width of the wide water—two sluices or canals letting the river through.

Over in East Cambridge I swung sharp right along the roadway of a combination viaduct and bridge which carried me to Charlestown. There were innumerable branches of the Boston and Maine Railroad passing beneath; there were the terminal storehouses of great ice companies; and there were miles of freight cars stored on sidings. Once across I passed a sign, "This bridge unsafe for more than thirteen tons. Cross at your own risk," and reflected idly that I was well within the limit.

A grim looking building bore the sign, "State Prison, 1905-1915." Just beyond I passed the First Baptist Church. Then I saw the tower of another church and directly back of it, rising up in the morning mist, the Bunker Hill Monument. I felt certain that this was our church, and it was. As I approached I lost it, for buildings have been constructed in front of it and it is reached by a lane. Two Irish policemen set me right and all at once I was there. The clock on a little savings bank showed 9.35. How short the walk, but how exhilarating! Almost an hour to spare. Just twenty-eight years had passed since I had visited Bunker Hill and climbed the monument. Here was an opportunity again. I had not realized that our church stands on the very slopes of the hill. Cordis Street carried me up to Monument Square in two or three minutes, and there I was on a perfect morning at one of the most memorable and sacred spots in our history. These unexpected turns of the road, these unforeseen blessings, these unpremeditated outings and pilgrimages, are among the best life brings us.

I had forgotten about the Prescott monument, but there it stood—one of Wm. Wetmore Story's best creations—the figure of the commander in that bloody battle, standing alone on a block of stone, one hand grasping his sword, the other reaching back to the men behind in that arresting gesture as if he were telling them to hold their fire until they "could see the whites of the redcoats' eyes."

On the little building at the foot of the monument is this inscription: "Breed's Hill: Site of the Battle of Bunker Hill, Fought June 17, 1775." The lines of the redoubt and breastworks are all marked with care. I followed the lines of the old redoubt and pictured the breastwork thrown up that historic morning of June 17, running 300 yards to the north.

It was interesting and inspiring, but perhaps my thrills would have been keener if I had not been so amused by the eight rules posted for the control of the reservation.

Here is just one—number four I think:

> "No person shall solicit the acquaintance of or annoy another person, or utter any profane, threatening, abusive, or indecent language or loud outcry, or solicit any subscription or contribution, or have possession of or drink any intoxicating liquor, or play any game of chance, or have possession of any instrument of gambling, or do any obscene or indecent act, or preach or pray aloud, or make an oration or harangue, or any political or other canvass, or move in a military or civic parade, drill or procession, or lie down or go to sleep within the reservation, or play any musical instrument, except by written authority of said Metropolitan District Commission."

When one reads this and reflects that it is in classic Boston, one has an almost irresistible impulse to make "a loud outcry" or "lie down" and roll on the ground in a paroxysm of mirth. "Or indecent act or preach" is a noble juxtaposition.

In just four months we will be celebrating the 150th anniversary of this struggle. All of us this year will want to reread the story. Two of the most vivid things about it I have read again this afternoon: "Grandmother's Story of Bunker Hill Battle," by Oliver Wendell Holmes, and chapter three, Volume I, of John Fiske's "American Revolution."

We used to recite Holmes's poem when we were growing up and some of the lines stick in the memory:

"They were making for the steeple, the old soldier and his people;
The pigeons circled round us as we climbed the creaking stair.
Just across the narrow river—oh, so close it made me shiver!—
Stood a fortress on the hilltop that but yesterday was bare.
Not slow our eyes to find it; well we knew who stood behind it,
Though the earth work hid them from us, and the stubborn walls were dumb;
Here were sister, wife and mother, looking wild upon each other,
And their lips were white with terror as they said, The hour has come."

I remember how puzzled I used to be in school because Bunker Hill wasn't Bunker Hill but Breed's Hill. They did not tell us in those days that the Americans made any mistakes. It was only the British. But the gallant colonial officers, disregarding orders, going on past Bunker Hill and fortifying Breed's Hill, made the most serious kind of a mistake and exposed themselves to the danger of capture. As Fiske shows us, Gage had only to sail around to Charlestown Neck and he could have cut them off. His frontal attack indicates how he underrated the colonials. Fiske also speaks of the gallantry of the redcoats marching up that hill as they did three times against such a deadly fire.

It is a great story. It will not be forgotten. We never will forget Prescott, the gallant Warren, who died there, James Otis, crippled by the murderous attack on him six years before, who seized a musket and fought in the ranks, and all the brave fellows who struck there such a blow for the colonial cause.

The effect upon the world of that day was like the effect upon both Allies and the Central Powers when American troops first went into action in the Great War, and without much training showed real power. An electric thrill went over Europe. The same thing happened back in '75.

These farmers had faced regulars. If their powder had not failed them, it would have been impossible to dislodge them. Both sides felt that, if to take a single hill cost so much, to subjugate the United Colonies would be something of a task. Fiske quotes General Greene as saying, "I wish we could sell them another hill at the same price;" Vergennes, the French Minister, who exclaimed, "With two more such victories England will have no army left in America;" Washington, who said, "There can be no doubt now that the liberties of the people are secure;" and Franklin, "England has lost her colonies forever."

And yet only 150 years after that battle we are rejoicing in the better understanding with England, and in the 100 years of peace between Canada and the United States. We are studying history with a perspective which sees our faults and the other fellow's virtues as well as *vice versa*, and we are recognizing now that it was not America against England, but Englishmen in America carrying on the same struggle for liberty they had been waging over on the other side, from the days of Magna Charta and King John.

My hour on Bunker Hill quickly passed. The church bells pealed out.

There was no jar or break in passing from the battlefield to "the old church on the battlefield."

There was no change of thought in turning from memorials of a struggle for civil liberty to a memorial of the struggle for religious liberty. Liberty is liberty anywhere. It is all of a piece.

The Universalist church of Charlestown is now 114 years old. It was built in 1811, but raised in the fifties to permit a Sunday school room to be put underneath. It is a large, dignified colonial structure, and with the galleries will seat 1,200.

It is the old church of Thomas Farrington King, who died in the harness in 1839 at the age of forty-four.

It is the church where E. H. Chapin first showed his really great powers.

It is the first church of the famous Thomas Starr King, who succeeded Chapin in 1846.

Reference to the address which Starr King delivered June 17, 1847, on invitation of the government of Charlestown, shows that this church and its pastor early realized "that the idea symbolized in the rattling musketry of Bunker Hill" was moral and spiritual freedom as well as political, and that, as he said on that occasion, "it is the mission of this nation to work out and work up this idea in the various relations of society."

The Rev. Roger F. Etz, Secretary of the Universalist General Convention, is pastor, a part-time arrangement, and in spite of this handicap has rallied the people and started things going again in good shape after a period of decline.

The sermon to-day was worthy of the old church and its traditions.

Mr. Etz took as his subject the Foreign Missions Convention in Washington, from which he had just returned. Fifty-eight denominational boards, he said, had been represented by delegates. Twenty-seven boards had been represented unofficially. There had been sixty-two addresses from leaders coming from all parts of the world. Five or six thousand had attended the sessions and 3,500 to 4,000 had come from out of town.

In every address one realized the progress made by the foreign mission movement, the far-ranging extent of its activities in remote parts of the world, but also one realized the bigness of the task remaining. "We have only begun to scratch the surface of the missionary enterprise," he said.

There were to his mind three great outstanding things in the convention. First, noticeable in every prayer and in every address was a sense of the reality of religion, the reality of the instrumentalities they were using to carry light to the world, the reality of the leadership of Jesus. "I confess," said Mr. Etz, "that many statements about Jesus did not appeal to me. What did appeal was that they literally felt that in Jesus they had a leader, not who lived 2,000 years ago, but who lives now." Second, there was a sense of the adequacy of that real Christian gospel to

meet the needs of the world. Missionaries from the field differentiated sharply between Christianity and churchianity. The latter had no power to go in and transform the lives of the people. The laws of brotherhood, and not the fine points of theology, they declared to be the power in mission work.

There was a contrast between the field men and some of the leaders in this country. One of the latter had the audacity to stand up and say that the great essential in the missionary enterprise is to believe in the old fundamentalism. The field men continually were saying that what they needed were the fundamental laws of Christian brotherhood and service to wipe out every distinction of race and creed, that the essentials were Christ's two great commandments.

The testimony of the field men was unanimous to the effect that we must go out not on the old basis to supplant all native institutions, snatch a few brands from the burning, but go out to find and develop the good already there, use their own latent powers, and in every country build up an autonomous civilization, made up of the best of theirs and the best of ours. The striking thing about the address of President Coolidge, Mr. Etz declared, was his insistence that we must send our best, recognize their best, and do our work on the basis of the great Christian principles of love to God and love to man. The third outstanding thing in the conference, said Mr. Etz, was the sense of individual and collective responsibility.

As an illustration the preacher cited the case of a young man just going out as a medical missionary to China.

"He wore a Phi Beta Kappa Key. He has a strong and magnetic personality. He told the convention why he had decided to give his life to his work. First, because he would count. He was going to a territory as large as Connecticut. He will be the only doctor there. It is densely populated and he will have unlimited work. Second, he emphasized the fact that America needs China—can not live isolated. Third, he was going because America must be square with China. We had sent traders. We ought to send helpers. Fourth, he could not refuse and be honest with himself. As a disciple of the Master he had prayed, Thy Kingdom come. He felt that he must help make it come. That sense of responsibility for the welfare of all men characterized the convention."

That was the doctrine of Universalism, the speaker declared. "Why have we not gone farther," he asked, "and done more? Do we have that fine spiritual glow, that sense of loyalty to the Master, that individual and collective sense of responsibility? There is a sense in which we have been too self-satisfied. A mutual admiration society. Contented to repeat over and over that we have leavened all theology. There are people who believe that we are an inconspicuous band near the end of the procession."

"There is a new spirit growing up," Mr. Etz added, "in the hearts of our people, which makes them want to serve without thought of reward. At New York Arthur Nash surprised many of us, shaking us out of the seats of the self-satisfied and scornful, putting before us the contrast between churchianity and Christianity and giving us the challenge of a great task. Will we accept that challenge? I believe we will. The great Boston dinner is proof that we are for the Golden Rule Fund, but also heart and soul for the Five Year Program."

It was a real message from a real man, a growing man, who soon will have to choose between the secretarial work we have loaded on to him and a career as a preacher. His little extemporaneous address in Washington a week ago showed the stuff that is in him.

There were the usual friendly greetings after service, a look at the little Sunday school, and then a quick trip back by elevated and subway.

It was a successful expedition—an outing, a pilgrimage and a service combined.

And I am glad to report that this "old church on the battlefield," like the city, the state and the nation, is going to celebrate the great anniversary in June. We may well save June 14, the Sunday nearest the anniversary, and turn our footsteps that way again.

The 1925 Outlook in England

Herbert W. Horwill

THE fog which has compelled me to turn on the electric light as I sit at my desk at 10 a. m. is a sufficient reminder that I am not spending this winter in Washington, where last January the much lower temperature was amply compensated for by nine hours of sunshine a day. America has not yet become a winter resort for those Englishmen who are free to spend this season as a holiday wherever they please, but when the Riviera becomes overcrowded and Northern Africa barred by political complications they might do worse than turn their steps in your direction.

Speaking metaphorically, however, the atmosphere seems rather clearer than when I left home in September, 1922. Certainly there is not such a general air of depression. What struck me more than anything else on my arrival in the United States was the abounding material prosperity on every hand. One heard complaints, it is true, of the higher cost of living, but there was little evidence of unemployment or even of the pressure of hard times. The building of costly new hotels and apartment houses and the lavish, not to say wasteful, expenditure everywhere in stores and restaurants pointed to flourishing conditions in glaring contrast with the state of things I had left behind. To-day the difference is by no means so marked. While unusual economies have still to be practised in many households which before the war were in comparatively affluent circumstances, the Christmas shopping was brisk, and even articles of luxury found a ready sale.

Politically the situation has completely changed during the two years of my absence. How are the mighty fallen! When I left home the Coalition

Government seemed to be so firmly entrenched in power that no insurance company would have hesitated to accept its long continuance in office as a safe risk. Lloyd George, in particular, was a popular idol, and could say what he liked and do what he liked without fear of being brought to book. Within a few weeks the crash came, and the favorites of yesterday found none so poor to do them reverence. When I returned to England the government was being administered by a party whose accession to power, only two years before, had been thought of as but a remote possibility. With my recollections of J. Ramsay MacDonald as almost an outcast on account of his attitude to the war and of Horatio Bottomley as a powerful moulder of public opinion, it was difficult to think of the one at Downing Street and the other in jail. I had little opportunity, however, of discovering what it feels like to be living under a Labor Government, for less than two weeks elapsed between my landing at Tilbury and the general election, so there was no chance of getting ocular proof of the political revolution by a visit to Parliament and the sight of the Labor leaders on the Treasury bench.

Yet there are even to-day many incidental indications of the new status that Labor has gained by having been raised, for even so brief a period, to a position of authority in the affairs of the nation. This improved status will be a permanent asset to the party, whatever may be the swings of the electoral pendulum. For instance, the title of Right Honorable will continue to be worn by all those Labor politicians who, as Cabinet ministers, were also members of the Privy Council, and it not only gives a certain precedence on formal occasions but is a handle to one's name of sufficient distinction to confer on its wearer an indefinable, but none the less real, claim to public attention. It is a reminder, at any rate, of high office once held, and prevents the man who wears it from dropping into utter obscurity—a fate which has sometimes befallen former Cabinet ministers in other countries.

Then, the utterances of an ex-Premier or an ex-Secretary of State are much more fully reported in the press than those of a private politician. Two years ago a speech of Ramsay MacDonald's would be cut off with four or five lines. To-day it would be reproduced almost *verbatim*. Moreover, during their period of office the Labor leaders frequently mingled in influential circles to which they had previously had no entry. They dined at aristocratic tables in the West End; they took part in consultations with the most prominent financiers and commercial magnates of the City; they were invited to preside or speak at literary and artistic celebrations. It is not snobbish to count these things as real gains to the Labor movement. For the men who enjoyed these new opportunities made good use of them. They acquitted themselves so well as to create a respect, not only for the individuals themselves, but for the cause they represented, in quarters where hitherto a Labor man had been thought of as necessarily a vulgar person, of boorish manners and crude tastes, and devoid of any ability to appreciate the best in art and literature. It was an eye-opener to many that the Labor Premier, in particular, in the addresses he gave at various artistic functions, revealed a more cultivated insight into artistic matters than had been shown by many of his predecessors. His appointment, since he left office, as a trustee of the British Museum—a life appointment which is given only to men who are considered especially qualified to be guardians of the nation's most valuable treasures—is a further evidence of the impression Mr. MacDonald has made in circles where two years ago his nomination to such a responsibility would have been regarded as an absurdity.

Any discussion of the causes of the overthrow of the Labor Government would be belated at this time, but it may be worth while to note that the Labor Party suffered especially at the election from its weakness in the villages. In the big industrial centers it held its own on the whole, and in some of them it even made considerable gains. It was in the rural districts that it failed to get a substantial following. The agricultural laborer is much slower to organize politically than the worker in the cities. It is harder for him to shake himself free from the agelong domination of the squire and the parson, and to take an independent stand. A calculation of electoral statistics shows that unless many of the rural constituencies can be captured it will be practically impossible for Labor to obtain a sufficient number of seats in the House for a Labor administration to be established on the firm basis of a Parliamentary majority. The party will therefore devote much of its energy in the near future to propaganda in the villages. But the process of the political conversion of "Hodge" may be a long and tedious one. In the cities the way was prepared for the party's successes by the mental activity of the artisans, which was fostered by the study of cheap series like "Everyman's Library" and the "Home University Library," and by attendance at the tutorial classes of the Workers' Educational Association. Unless some such intellectual stimulus can be brought to the villages, they may prove hard soil for the political spade.

The size of Mr. Baldwin's majority has naturally inspired the friends of reaction with a new confidence. All the old Tory projects are now coming out of hiding. Protection for the farmer; the strengthening of the House of Lords; the revival of the plans for a naval base at Singapore; imperialist policies in Egypt and India—such things show an eager desire to make hay while the electoral sun shines. But although some of the hopes thus aroused by so great a Conservative victory may be fulfilled, my own expectation is that those who have counted on it as giving a deathblow to the Socialist movement will be disappointed. No one realizes better than Mr. Baldwin the growing strength of the Labor Party in the country—though defeated, it polled a million more votes in October, 1924, than in December, 1923—and he is by no means unlikely to attempt to cut the ground from under it by offering a program calculated to attract those electors to whom Labor would normally appeal. Indeed, I shall not be surprised if we get more Socialistic legislation from the new Parliament than from any of its predecessors. This will be camouflaged, of course, as far as possible, but, under what-

ever ingenious and innocent-looking names may be devised to conceal its true character, it will really approximate to the kind of program that would have been put before the country by the MacDonald Government if it had remained in power.

Meanwhile the Liberal Party has almost disappeared from the visible scene. In the House of Commons the handful of members that respond to its whips occupy only two or three benches in an inconspicuous location, very much like pictures that are "skied" at a Royal Academy exhibition. A sort of Coue policy seems to be most in favor just now, but the effort to keep up the spirits of the party has not produced any hilarious sense of well-being. Even the award of a 10 pound prize by the *Daily News* for the best example sent in of a stirring Liberal song suitable to be printed as a leaflet and sung at party rallies has not quickened much enthusiasm. One by one some of the most active spirits of the party are drifting away from it. Since the election, Winston Churchill has become a member of a Conservative Cabinet, while on the other hand some men of less distinction but of recognized political ability have migrated to Labor. At a meeting at the National Liberal Club the other day J. C. Squire, the poet and literary critic, humorously introduced himself by the remark that he believed he could claim the distinction of being the only recruit the Liberal Party had gained during the last eight years. At present, lack of public confidence in the leaders of the party is, perhaps, the greatest barrier to a restoration of its influence, and there is no sign that either Mr. Asquith or Mr. Lloyd George contemplates helping his followers out of the difficulty by a voluntary retirement.

In the religious world the most notable recent development is the progress being made toward realization by the movement for the union of the Methodist churches. The votes of the "quarterly meetings" just held in the three denominations concerned exceed 80 per cent in favor of the proposed merger. When the final decision is made by the "conferences" in the summer, there may be some "last ditchers," but, even though the settlement may be followed by individual secessions, the rank and file of the members are likely to acquiesce in it. The dissentients certainly could not form a new church of their own, for their objections are mutually conflicting. For instance, those Wesleyans who oppose the scheme of union because it is too liberal and those Primitive Methodists for whom it is too conservative could never combine in a new organization. Apart from all other reasons, economic pressure alone will compel a readjustment of denominational lines within a very few years at most.

London, Jan. 14.

I The Fear of Science

Daniel Evans

MANY persons in our day have a great interest in science. They are enthusiastic about its marvelous triumphs in the realm of pure thought and in the practical affairs of the world. They are expectant of continually new developments. They welcome every new discovery, and keep an open mind for every new theory. They are almost, if not altogether, put into a worshipful frame of mind when they think of the wonders of science. Indeed, many persons, for their own good and the good of science, are too submissive with respect to it. They may scorn the authority of the Bible, the Church or the Pope, but they accept without criticism the authority of science. If science makes some pronouncement, it is not theirs to make reply, or reason why, but to accept and comply. They are unscientific in their attitude towards science, but at any rate they are not afraid of it.

There are, however, multitudes of persons who are afraid of science. They run the gamut from suspicion, through dislike, to dread, even "phobia." Some are suspicious of science. They do not give it ready or whole-hearted welcome into their minds. They do not accept it as a friend and give it the same hospitality that they do poetry, art, philosophy or theology. They keep it in a place apart. They don't want it to meet and make friends with their other intellectual interests. They fear the consequences of such a meeting, and so they keep them in separate rooms or compartments.

There are others who dislike science. They do not want anything to do with it. It puts them into a bad temper. It stirs up their antipathies. It raises their gorge. It roils the placid waters of their emotions. They do not care to become acquainted with science, nor to hear about it. They have a repugnance for it, and keep away from it. This is a strange, unreasoned, inherited or acquired state of mind.

This borders on the state of mind that positively dreads science. Persons in this condition fear the scientific spirit, method, hypotheses, and results. Science is the great enemy. It is the new devil, or the old devil in new disguise, but his purpose remains the same. It is to destroy beauty, truth, goodness, faith. This becomes a "phobia" with some persons. The very mention of science upsets them, makes them shiver, and look around for an ink bottle, or a creed, or a sermon to throw at science, as if it were the devil.

This is an interesting state of mind for the psychologist to study, but for religious teachers and preachers it presents a very real difficulty.

The first thing necessary is to understand the reasons for such fear of science. There may be no reason in it, but there are reasons for it which appear to justify it to the minds of the persons who have this fear. Before we can minister to their fearful minds, we must understand them.

One reason for the dislike of science lies in the demand it makes on the mind to be objective, impersonal, even neutral in its attitude towards the object studied. It requires the elimination of the personal feelings, the suppression of individual desires, and the abandonment of dear wishes. It

demands the cool mind, the clear intellect, "the passionless pursuit of passionless truth." It requires the functioning of the reason, respect for logical processes, and the willingness to follow the argument where it may lead. Now there are persons who don't want to think, but only to feel, and to determine facts and truths by their emotions, and not by their intellects; and consequently they dislike science.

Then, too, they dread science because it requires revision of their religious beliefs. Their religion is very much involved in pre-scientific notions, and, since these are fused with their faith, they are confused with it. They think these notions are a necessary and constituent part of their religion, or supports to their religion, and since science requires a revision of their beliefs, and an elimination of these pre-scientific notions, they dislike and dread it. They are fearful for their religion because of these demands.

We must not ignore the cause for offense which some scientists themselves have given these persons. There is a dogmatism of scientists which equals in arrogance and virulence the most obscurantist dogmatism of theologians or philosophers. These scientists have, in the name of science, and claiming its authority, demanded the abandonment of religion, and the discarding of all noble idealism, and the acceptance of a soulless and Godless materialistic or mechanistic universe. These scientists have stolen the livery of science in which to clothe their personal notions of ultimate reality, which was not their province, nor business. The worst foes of science are often those of her own household.

The deliverance of persons from their fear of science is a redemptive task of which we have thought too little and done less to accomplish, and yet it is most urgent and if performed most beneficent.

The first thing we must do is to distinguish and differentiate science from scientists, as we do theology from theologians, and morality from moralists. Science is not dogmatic, nor arrogant, nor authoritarian, and the greater scientists are as a rule humble, self-critical, and reverent. Science is the critical and systematic extension of our ordinary common sense knowledge of the world. It is the attempt to push the frontiers of knowledge still farther and farther out into the unexplored and uncharted regions of the world. But it has its definite limitations. It is confined to the world of sense-objects, and has nothing to do with, nor to say upon, the profounder questions of the soul and God and human destiny. It recognizes that these matters are most real, significant, and worthful, but it is not its task nor has it the means to answer these questions.

If we can make this distinction clear and show the new spirit of the great scientists, we shall do much to deliver the fearful from their dislike and dread of science.

Then, too, we must make clear the demands of the religious spirit. It is recognized by all religious men that God is the Eternal Mind. His truth is the everlasting judgment on all things and thoughts as they are. We all acknowledge the duty to love Him with our hearts and wills, but the great Master of all who know the things of the spirit taught that we must also love God with our minds. There is then an intellectual love of God—it is a love that desires to know whatever can be known, and believes all true knowledge is the discovery of the truth of God. Science is for such minds, as Kepler said, "the thinking of the thoughts of God after Him." The spirit of God is the Spirit of Truth who will lead us into all truth, sanctify us through the truth; and give us confidence and calmness in and through the truth, and, above all, give us freedom from our fears by the truth. If His Will is, as Dante said, our peace, His Truth is also, as he said, the good of our intellect.

Good Heavens! One Thing More!

By a Sunday School Superintendent

WHEN I read in the report of the Sunday School Convention at Ferry Beach last summer that it had been voted to introduce peace lessons into our schools, it seemed the last straw. What do the high and mighty rulers of our Association think we can do in one hour a week anyway? In fact, I was ready to say that as far as my school was concerned it couldn't be done and I should not try. With temperance once a quarter, and missions once a month, and Christmas and Easter and Children's Day, and Social Service three times a year, what possible opportunity will there be left to teach the Bible, which, after all, is what we are organized to accomplish?

But fortunately it was vacation, and I did not have to do anything except kick in my mind until I had had time to cool off a little. To tell the truth, I have cooled off considerably, and it seemed to me it might be worth while for other superintendents to know how the cooling process was accomplished. Toward the last of the summer, I received the fillers for my precious note-book, and sat down with them to map out my plans for the autumn months. For Oct. 5 I found a program on "World Friendship," which I especially liked. "Just the thing to give us the mental attitude for our more definitely missionary lessons," I said to myself, and began to think out how I could get the necessary material to carry out the program. Then it came over me in a flash: "What is the real basis for peace, if not World Friendship? Would peace lessons be so very different from missionary lessons, after all?" I remembered how interested in the Japanese people my Sunday school is, and how the earthquake seemed to them like a disaster that had hurt their own friends. When the Sunday came for this World Friendship program, I asked some questions about Japanese exclusion and the Immigration Act and was amazed at the straight thinking of a class of ten-year-olds about it. Had we been teaching peace lessons in our school long before the vote of the Sunday School Convention without ever naming the thing? When that brilliant idea struck me, I went through my superintendent's note-book with that in mind and found during the year

preceding the Ferry Beach convention five programs which, if properly presented, would really be peace teaching. Since that program for Oct. 5 there have been at least two others that are real peace lessons. Immediately I found myself able to think of that convention vote without any undue calorification under the collar. Not "one thing more" after all, but just a new emphasis on certain aspects of what we are already teaching. What about it, fellow superintendents, do you see the point?

Of course if a school has not done any missionary teaching, if it gets its money for the required offerings by cheap devices and insistent appeals instead of by arousing real interest in the people we help, there is great need of not only "one thing more," but *more than one thing*. If we have read the literature sent out from headquarters during the past six or seven years, we are quite familiar with the ideals of the missionary department, the teaching of brotherhood by arousing interest in people different from ourselves, the wiping out of race prejudice by revealing the fine qualities of these "different people," and the development of world friendship through wider acquaintance with the peoples of the globe. In my own school, we have surely made a humble beginning in the attainment of these ends. Now that I see it as a basis for that understanding which must be the forerunner of world peace, my own interest is doubled and my zeal multiplied.

During these weeks since I got my eyes opened I have been studying my own school. In my privilege of directing the thought of pupils and teachers in the service of worship, there is an enormous opportunity. From this time forth, I shall use these opportunities to the full. Japan lessons, Near East lessons, the Christmas lesson, the Suffolk lessons, all these I am using to promote understanding and good-will. Previously, I have been a little shy of patriotic programs in the Sunday school. It seems such an unnecessary repetition of public school work. The children have heard it all so many times. But there is a side to patriotic teaching all too often ignored in day school that is going to be emphasized in our worship programs. The patriotism of peace instead of that of war; the service of our country to other nations instead of merely its own greatness; the wonderful things that co-operation among the nations might accomplish—these are some of the things we shall hear about in our school on Feb. 22 and Memorial Day and other patriotic holiday times.

But lest I give the impression that I think myself the whole thing in our school, let me tell you some other things that I have found out since I began asking myself how much we were already doing for the development of the peace psychology in our young people. In our primary room I found on the wall a set of posters called "Children of Many Lands," and one day I heard the children reciting some of the rhymes that interpret the pictures. "Where did you get those?" I asked. "Miss Slaughter told us about them at Ferry Beach last summer," was the reply. "My girls and boys know at least one good quality of all these different races." Then she showed me a scrap-book illustrating the children of many countries, at play, at school, and at home. "Where did you get the pictures," was my next question. "Many of them the children found in the magazines and the Sunday supplements, and a few of them I bought in the Missionary Education Movement Picture Sheets. We call this book, 'Our Friends Far Away.'" "Friends!" said I to myself, "not rivals nor enemies! Something doing here!"

As I returned to the assembly room, I passed Mrs. B's class of boys and stopped a moment to listen. The lesson was about Abraham and Lot, but I found the boys telling all they knew about the League of Nations. When Mrs. B saw me listening, she smiled, and when the boys, too, discovered me, she suggested that they tell me how they got so far away from the lesson. The boys were so eager to talk all at once that at first I did not see, but presently it emerged that they had found that the only way Abraham and Lot knew how to avoid fighting among their men was to divide the land and separate. Mrs. B had asked how men avoid fighting nowadays, and the boys had mentioned treaties, law courts, and finally the League of Nations. Peace teaching, again, and yet the class were doing the regular work.

So at our next Workers Meeting, I raised the question, "How many of you are doing any peace teaching in your classes?" At first no one replied. Finally some one said: "I did not know we were supposed to do that. There isn't time if we teach the lesson assigned." Then I told the two things I had heard on one Sunday, and then the tongues were loosed. Mr. K's class had discussed non-resistance when the lesson was a part of the Sermon on the Mount. His boys had been sure it would never work, in fact had insisted that nobody would ever dare try it. Then Mr. K had told them about the Quakers, and about the young people in many lands that are to-day pledging themselves to this ideal. "It was all news to those boys," said Mr. K. The Sermon on the Mount must have taken on a new meaning when they found there were actually college men living to-day who mean to take it seriously. Miss Bessie told how her little girls were learning the Christmas story in Luke and how one asked what good-will meant anyway, and after she had explained a little, she sent them home to make lists of deeds that show good-will that they had actually seen or read about. "We covered both sides of our blackboard with their answers the next Sunday," she said, "and they ranged from the Christmas gifts one girl's family had made to the Armenian family at the end of the street, to the welcome given the American airplanes when they reached Japan last summer." Doesn't good-will mean something to that class? After a good deal more of this talk, one teacher of a boys' class said she could not get her boys interested in the lessons at all. "They don't know the simplest things about the Bible. How can I spend time discussing such matters?" Then another teacher told about a suggestion made at Murray Grove Institute. "When your class simply are not interested," the lecturer had said, "drop the regular lessons and try something quite different." I was in for it then, for she promptly asked me to find her something that the class would like. Keeping the special group in mind, I looked at many books during the next week, and finally recommended

"Better Americans," advising her to put special emphasis on the chapters on "Getting and Using Money," "Justice," and "Respect for Law." If she does a good job with the book, those boys ought to see that nobody is a good American who exploits others for his own advantage, and it seems to me that is fundamental peace teaching.

And now, do you know, I have really got the bug! It seems to me that if we are ever to have peace in the world it has got to be built up on a basis of understanding and acquaintance. Prejudice is the last citadel of the adult mind to be surrendered, and therefore important changes in attitudes and habits can only be secured among the young. That gives the Sunday school a chance to do something real, something that will count for the welfare of the race and the peace of the world. It glorifies our common tasks as leaders and teachers of youth. My brother superintendents, let us awake to our opportunities. This "one thing more," instead of being a burden, may be our greatest inspiration. Let us use every opportunity to show our fellow-workers how this great ideal of world peace is implicated in so many of the things that we are teaching.

The General Sunday School Association is helping us. Watch your note-book fillers for these helps. The editors of our Sunday school publications are trying to be helpful. The religious forces of the country are studying the problem. The October, 1924, number of *Religious Education* was a symposium on this theme. For a generation the Missionary Education Movement has been publishing material for developing world friendship. The vote at our last Convention directs our attention to peace teaching as the next great need of our schools. As a generation has grown up convinced of the moral value of prohibition, so a generation is growing up seeing the missionary task as an adventure in brotherhood, so now it is our high privilege to train a generation to see world peace as the only logical outcome to Christian ideals. Already the foundation is being laid. It is for us to build thereon.

"In hearts too young for enmity,
There lies the way to make men free.
When children's friendships are world-wide,
New ages will be glorified.
Let child love child, and strife will cease.
Disarm the hearts, for that is peace."

Our Prayers Together

J. Frank Thompson

Saturday, February 28

Wherefore take unto you the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to stand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand. Ephesians 6 : 13.

The apostle counseled those to whom his letter was written to put on the *whole* armor of God. The saying that no chain is stronger than its weakest link is trite but significant. The best of helmets affords no protection against the thrust aimed at the soldier's heart. For that a breastplate is needed. The brazen armor that Vulcan forged for Achilles did not protect his heel, and it was there that he received the wound that proved fatal. The single virtue we lack may be the one needed to give value to all that we possess. For want of it the honorable reputation that we have slowly gained may be suddenly lost; the happiness that we have fairly won may be taken from us, and the influence for good that we have exercised over others be shorn of its power. Relying upon the help that comes through faith and prayer, we must remember that it is given only for use in that obedience through which we achieve our own salvation. We are safe from all perils and assured of all victories, only when we have taken unto ourselves "the whole armor of God."

Our Father, we know how possible it is for the lack of some one virtue to undo the good effects of the many that we do possess and practise. May we be kind as well as just, and pure-minded as well as truthful. While tolerant of the beliefs of others, may we be loyal to our own convictions; and may our zeal for Thy glory be united with a tender regard for the happiness of our fellow-beings. May we aspire to all completeness. May we put on the whole armor of God. *Amen.*

Sunday, March 1

Seek ye the Lord while he may be found; call ye upon him while he is near. Isaiah 55 : 6.

In the world about us Nature best encounters those emergencies for which it has made more ample provision; and in every department of life we shall best endure those trials for which we have best prepared ourselves while yet they were distant. On summer days a growing tree absorbs nourishment from the soil, yields its leaves to the chemistry of the sunbeams, sends its roots deeper into the soil, and knits them more firmly about the solid rock. Thus, when the summer breeze has given place to the storm wind of the equinox, this added strength will be turned to good account in resisting the tempest, and throughout the frozen winter the tree will cherish, in root and bud, the sweet life which from earth and air and sunshine it gathered during summer days. So must we utilize all conditions favorable to our moral vigor if we are to be equal to the test of moral emergencies when they arise. Is the present a time of peace and gladness? Do our hearts beat high with hope and courage? Are we surrounded by friends whose companionship makes earth seem like heaven? Then let us ask what moral treasures we are gaining from these golden days of health and happiness. This is our summer time. These abundant blessings serve their highest use when they minister to a faith in God, a regard for our own integrity, a deep-rootedness of moral principle of which their loss will be powerless to deprive us.

We pray, our Father, that when all is well with us, when every sense is a channel through which the beauty and joy of the world find access to our heart and mind, when the home circle is still unbroken, and our friends are many and kind, we may so live that

from all these blessings we shall gather a strength of character, a sweetness of disposition, a sense of companionship with Thee, and a harvest of sacred memories, that will fit us for the endurance of life's trials when they come. We ask it as disciples of him who in boyhood hours at Nazareth increased in wisdom and in favor with God and man. *Amen.*

Monday, March 2

I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me. Philippians 4 : 13.

We need to believe in our capacity for moral rectitude as thoroughly as we do in our physical health and mental soundness, and to rely upon our obedience to the dictates of conscience as we do upon the instinctive response of our nerves and muscles to the impulse of our will. He who persistently thinks of himself as an invalid is more than likely to become one; and to picture ourselves habitually as morally weak and depraved will go far toward making and keeping us so. Our moral self-confidence is among the channels that connect our need with the omnipotences of God. The feeling expressed by Paul when he said "I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me" was among the sources of his great achievements.

Our Father, we would think worthily of ourselves, knowing that without this we are likely to fail of all worthy achievement. May we confide in our power to obey Thy will as we do in the skill of our hands and the sureness of our feet. May we tread the path of duty as fearlessly as we walk where we should stumble and fall if we doubted our adequacy to the readjustments that must be made at every step. Beyond the hardship of every appointed task, may we see the destined joy of its completeness, and in every battle to which we are called may we be cheered by the assurance of victory. In every emergency of life, when we hear Thy voice saying, "Thou must," may our hearts answer "We can, and we will." May we believe in our ability to do all things through him who strengtheneth us. *Amen.*

Tuesday, March 3

Therefore, all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do you even so to them; for this is the law and the prophets. Matt. 7 : 12.

If we always kept the Golden Rule, how patient we should be with those less wise than ourselves; how helpful toward those less strong; how forbearing toward those less good! When those whose worth we had proved by long companionship said or did things that were unjust, what large allowance we should make for irritable nerves, and how generously we should weigh their frequent kindness against the single injury! How we should recall their long patience with our infirmities, their solicitude for our comfort, their gladness in our enjoyment; dwelling upon such recollections until the dews of memory quenched the fires of anger as night dews calm the fever of the days! All this we should do if we keep the Golden Rule, because this is how we would want others, under like circumstances, to feel and act toward us.

We pray, our Father, that, in obedience to our Master's injunction, we may make the Golden Rule our standard of conduct. Help us to cultivate the disposition that seeks the cure of sin rather than its punishment. May we freely bestow upon our fellow beings the forgiveness that we so often need from them and from Thee. Desiring to be credited with such virtues as we really possess, notwithstanding our many faults, may we do our neighbors an equal justice. All things whatsoever we would that men should do to us, even so may we do to them. *Amen.*

Wednesday, March 4

There are diversities of gifts, but the same spirit. And there are differences of administrations, but the same Lord. And there are diversities of operations; but it is the same God which worketh all in all. 1 Cor. 12 : 4-6.

The task set before each of us is to develop a moral excellence which, differing from every other, shall be distinctively our own. "The final harmony of all souls with God" is the distinctive doctrine of our Church. This, however, does not mean that the ultimate object of spiritual evolution is to create an absolute uniformity of holiness and happiness; that the discipline of our joys and sorrows, and all the experiences that are designed to make us perfect in righteousness, will end in making us just alike. Our gold will doubtless be purified from all its dross; but it does not follow that we shall all be molded into the same pattern. It must be that by as much as our individual natures differ, our completed characters will be unlike. It seems reasonable to suppose that the object of God's providential dealing with us is to produce that highest excellence in infinite variety toward which all the working of His wisdom and power are visibly tending. It is this belief that gives to each individual life its highest value. Just as each note is essential to the music of which it forms a part, so the best that you and I are capable of becoming has its necessary part which no other excellence can supply in the final harmony of all souls with one another and with God.

Our Father, Thou hast willed us into being, and endowed us with qualities that are essentially the same, yet differing as to the form of our features and the tones of our voices. Thou hast also placed us amid circumstances that make unlike demands upon our powers of heart and mind. May we find our work and do it with the conviction that it takes equal rank in Thine approval with that of the highest among the angels. May we make little account of the hardships, so long as the appointed work is being done. Even as the sunlight gives color to the rose, and fairness to the lily, and perfume to the violet, that have their roots in the same soil, so shall our lives fill their appointed place in Thy universal plan. We ask it as Thy children. *Amen.*

Thursday, March 5

Either what woman, having ten pieces of silver, if she lose one piece, doth not light a candle, and sweep the house, and search diligently until she find it? And when she hath found it, she calleth together her friends and neighbors, saying, Rejoice with me, for I have found the piece that I had lost. Luke 15 : 8-9.

Our neighbors, like ourselves, are social beings. Their satisfaction in any fortunate experience is incomplete unless they know that there are those who, for their sake, are glad that it has happened. A boy who has had a good time lives it all over again in telling about it to interested listeners; but if no one cares to hear him, his own pleasure becomes less in the remembrance. And in this respect grown people have not ceased to be children. They need and crave our sympathy with their happiness perhaps even more than with their misfortunes. It would be difficult to overestimate the degree in which the sum of the world's happiness would be increased if this universal craving met with an adequate response. And to help toward that increase is within the power of every one. We can always add to the happiness of our house-mates, our friends and neighbors by manifesting an interest in all their pleasant experiences and wholesome enjoyment. Let us not neglect such things as if they were trifles. They are not trifles, but the very essence of life for which what we call the great things merely provide an opportunity.

We pray, O God, that we may prize the joy of being good comrades to those with whom we are making the journey of life. And may we not be satisfied with helping them to bear their burdens. May all their wholesome joys receive from us that sympathy without which the best of good fortune lacks completeness. While we rightly aspire to a wide field of usefulness, may we not neglect our many opportunities for enriching the lives with which we are in daily contact. *Amen.*

Friday, March 6

Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them. Eccl. 12 : 1.

If we continue to live until life no longer has the forward look, and only its retrospect remains, we shall realize that the things best worth remembering were what we said and did to promote the happiness of our associates. Such memories are the good grain that alone is left when the winds of time have blown all the chaff away. They are like the nectar that bees gather and store away against the time when fields and orchards have ceased to bloom. When our November days have come, this honey that they have yielded will be all that is left of our youthful hopes and our manhood's joys. Our selfish pleasures and our realized ambitions will be like the withered leaves that strew the autumn gale, and we shall find that the worth of our life to ourselves is measured by what we have done to gladden the hearts of others, beginning with those for whose welfare we had made ourselves responsible.

Our Father, we know that, so far as our earthly life is concerned, things once possible do not always remain so; that some unheeded opportunities vanish beyond recall; that the hand of circumstance often closes a door that will never again open at our bidding. Help us to so govern our words and deeds that no remembrance of sin and shame shall embitter the retrospect which old age brings, or disturb the peaceful trust wherewith it is our privilege to enter the shadowed valley. May our closing days be sweetened by the knowledge that while our way was often steep and rough, we did what we could to cheer our fellow travelers, and leave a smoother path for those who should follow. May we so live, while it is still morning or noonday, that the afternoon shall be a time of peace, and the colors that adorn the evening sky rival those that made the morning splendid. And if in any of these things we have failed, may we trust Thy providence to turn even the evil to good account at last. *Amen.*

"The Congregationalist" on a "Leader" Editorial

WE publish herewith an editorial from the *Congregationalist* commenting upon a recent editorial in the *Universalist Leader*, not because of its praise of the editor of the *Leader*—in spite of it—but because it illustrates the spirit of the *Congregationalist*, its editor and a good part of the Congregational Church.

We publish it also because the ideas which the *Congregationalist* states so clearly and to which it adds so much emphasis are of fundamental importance, and can not be stated too often or emphasized too much.

Sanity in Business and Religion

Two very different reactions seem to appear in every denominational group to-day in response to every appeal for the support of some specific program of advancement. The *Universalist Leader* reports the refusal for diametrically opposite reasons of "two rather important men" to give active adherence to a "Five Year Program," which the Universalists are launching. The one held back because of reports of a prospective merger of Universalist churches into "a united free church." He was prepared to support a denominational program, but what was the use of working if any merger were in view? The other man was sick of denominationalism; he would work for something larger, but was against "tinkering an old machine."

To both of these our contemporary addresses a few plain words. Remarking that there is no proposition pending for such a merger as that suggested, the *Leader* remarks that if such a merger *were* in view the other churches concerned might just as readily say, "What *is* the use of building up if we are going into a merger?" And the editor proceeds to inquire what we should think of business men who talked that way. "Wouldn't we consider a mill man crazy," asks our contemporary, "who said: 'Well, our Phoenix Mill has gone in with the New York Mills and made the United Woolen Company. I might as well let the machinery run down. Stop work on that extension and cancel that contract for raw material!' "

The words of our contemporary regarding the relationship of existing denominational organization and machinery to possible developments of larger

church unity and co-operation are worthy of careful consideration:

> Clear-sighted men in church work know that excessive denominationalism is an evil. They would like to correct it. They would like to bring together people who think alike and are alike and transform weak denominations into strong. If they should succeed and thus multiply our opportunities for service, does any one imagine that we would not need our endowments, our scholarships, our colleges, our pension funds, our church buildings, our ministers and our laity? If the time comes when we shall be able to line up with other comrades, we will do it because of the work there is to be done in this old world and because we believe that together we can do that work quicker and better. When that time comes, if ever, we shall rejoice in every dollar, every building, and every man we can put into the union. We shall need them all. We shall be proud to contribute them as our share. We shall be ashamed of any poor, unworthy, little, inadequate contribution we shall have to make then, if we don't build bigger and better things now.

With equal wisdom the writer proceeds to point out that no group would lose its goodly heritage in coming into a larger fellowship, but would bring into the larger constituency the treasures of its past spiritual vision and achievement. Its pioneers and prophets would take their place alongside those who had built with similar spirit and purpose in other communions.

Possibly there is just as much need for the word addressed to the impatient critic of denominationalism —and this certainly applies in our Congregational fellowship. The *Universalist Leader* does not, any more than the *Congregationalist,* represent any narrowly denominational or sectarian spirit. The words of the editor of the *Leader* express our common outlook and attitude: "If we ever find ourselves in a selfish little sect existing for itself some of us will get out speedily." The *Leader* approves the longing for larger fellowship. This longing, it asserts, is shared by nearly every Universalist minister. The editor says:

> These men and women have borne the brunt of isolation and know what it means. They have seen the machinery working and have longed for newer models, more cylinders, greater power—not because they would have to do less but because they would be able to do more. But they see, as practically all of us see, that such things can not be forced. They grow. Even now they are growing. Universalists can not make the overtures for a new alignment and do not propose to. Other people are in a position to do it much more effectively. What is up to us is to do such a big, unselfish, useful part of the common Christian task that we will have a conscience void of offense to God or man, and then let the rest take care of itself.

Is the reference to other people being in a position to make overtures more effectively a suggestion for Congregationalists? We doubt whether our contemporary has any specific thing in mind. In so far as the suggestion does relate to the Congregationalists, we should be disposed to say in the language of our contemporary, "These things can not be forced; they grow." But we should say further, without hesitation, and with joyous conviction, that if the sort of relationships that exist between the editorial group of the *Universalist Leader* and that of the *Congregationalist* were possible between all the churches of our respective orders, union could not come too soon, nor could it be other than productive of Christian satisfaction and incentive. There is no finer-spirited Christian leader in America to-day than our friend, John van Schaick, Jr., whom we suspect of having written the sane and catholic editorial from which we have quoted. And in general it may be said that if the spirit that prevails in all the contacts and mutual associations of the group of editors of the various religious newspapers published in the environment of the *Congregationalist* obtained everywhere throughout the Churches the problem of Christianity would be readily solved.

The Five Year Program

BELLOW FALLS, VERMONT, MEETING

ONE of the largest gatherings of Vermont Universalists in recent years responded to the invitation of State Superintendent George F. Fortier to meet for discussion of the Five Year Program at Bellows Falls, Vermont, on Monday, Feb. 9, 1925, there being some seventy-five people present, three-quarters of whom were men. A substantial number of the parishes of the state were represented by very substantial laymen.

The meeting was opened at four o'clock in the Bellows Falls church with a welcome by Dr. Rodney F. Johonnot, pastor of the church. After singing led by Leon J. Albee, prayer was offered by the Rev. O. R. Washburn of Marlboro, N. H.

Mr. Fortier then explained the object of the meeting, and turned it over to the Five Year Program Committee. The speakers were Hon. Albert P. Langtry of Boston, chairman of the Speakers' Bureau, Dr. John Smith Lowe, D. D., from Providence, General Superintendent, and Robert W. Hill, Executive Chairman of the National Laymen's Committee.

A great deal of enthusiasm was manifested, and it was very apparent that the men of the Vermont churches had come to understand the Five Year Program in an entirely different light and to realize that, instead of being an unreasonable drain on the local parishes, it is really a movement on the part of the laymen to re-arouse interest of the laymen in the Church and to help place the local churches on a stronger financial basis. Judge Hill explained that the conduct of the campaign would be entirely in the hands of Vermont men, and that the success or failure of the campaign in Vermont would depend on the efforts of the local laymen, with the National Committee standing ready to render any service or assistance whenever needed.

Following the meeting dinner was served by the ladies of the parish, and the evening was spent in informal discussion, questions and answers with reference to the details of the program and the future of the Universalist Church.

As a result of the meeting, Verne H. Winchester of Brattleboro, one of the influential Vermont laymen, accepted the chairmanship of the state committee, and the work of organizing the men of the state into an agressive committee which will see to it that the program is properly explained and that the loyal co-operation of all the churches is obtained is steadily going ahead.

* *

AUGUSTA, MAINE, MEETING

THE next meeting in the chain of state get-together conferences in connection with the Five Year Program was held in the Universalist Church of Augusta, Maine, on Feb. 11, 1925. Most of the parishes in the Kennebec Valley were represented. The afternoon was spent in an informal conference at which Judge Hill explained the details of the Five Year Program and its real significance to the parishes of the state. Dinner was served by the ladies of the parish at 6.30, at which some fifty men sat down.

Following the dinner, Willis E. Swift of Augusta, formerly a member of the Executive Council of the state of Maine, presided as toastmaster and introduced the speakers, who were E. Randolph Comee of Brunswick and Judge Robert W. Hill, Executive Chairman of the National Laymen's Committee. The speakers again laid stress on the obligation of the laymen to the church and the opportunity that offered in this Five Year Program for the laymen to participate in a manner worthy of the busiest and most influential men in the rehabilitation of many of the churches and the reawakening of interest in and loyalty to the Universalist denomination.

This meeting again demonstrated the fact (already emphasized at every other meeting held) that once men of the Universalist Church have really understood the Five Year Program they have become enthusiastic in its support. It showed that instead of being merely a call for contributions, it offered new hope to the Universalist churches of future prosperity and strength, financial and numerical. Mr. Comee spoke of the duty of the laymen in the matter of attendance and in the matter of support, and Judge Hill emphasized the fact that one of the objects of the campaign was to relieve the ministers of the burden of financial administration and to enable them to again take the place of spiritual director and leader.

Following the meeting, a substantial number of men agreed to serve as members of the committee, so that it is now evident that the state of Maine is well taken care of by a competent and aggressive laymen's committee, the chairman of which it is expected will be announced next week.

Speak Emphatically for Themselves

IN the *Boston Herald* for Feb. 7 appeared the following dispatch from New York City under the date of Feb. 6:

Letters of John D. Rockefeller, Jr., who yesterday pledged $500,000 to the fund to complete the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, and the response of Bishop William T. Manning accepting the gift, were made public to-day.

Mr. Rockefeller suggested that since "a large minority of the funds have come from members of other churches, it would seem but fitting that this large, friendly outside interest should be represented among the 25 trustees," who will be responsible for the erection, maintenance and management of the cathedral.

"Such a practical demonstration of the spirit of Christian unity for which the cathedral stands," Mr. Rockefeller wrote, "would give a tremendous impetus to religious tolerance and co-operative endeavor."

In his reply, Bishop Manning said that although he shared the hope of Mr. Rockefeller in regard to greater co-operation among denominations, the time has, however, not yet arrived when the different churches can function in one organization, and any attempt prematurely to force such an arrangement would retard the cause of unity rather than aid it.

"This closer fellowship," the Bishop's letter continued, "must come to pass, as it is quite evidently coming to pass, through the working of the Spirit of God in the hearts and minds of all of us alike, rather than through formal methods of organization. I am quite sure you realize this, for the clause which you add to your gift makes no condition as to its acceptance and imposes no obligation, legal or moral, upon the trustees of the cathedral to take any action."

The following letter which appeared in the *New York Times* a few days later shows that Bishop Manning could have found a precedent for accepting Mr. Rockefeller's suggestion if he had wished:

To the Editor of the New York Times:

I have read with great interest in the *New York Times* of Feb. 7 the correspondence between John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and Bishop Manning, in which the former suggests that the membership of the board of trustees of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine should be broadened so as to include a "small number of laymen" from other than the Protestant Episcopal Church.

As an Episcopal clergyman, with many personal and family ties with New York, who has gladly made a small contribution toward the fund for the building of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, although now connected with another diocese, I personally sympathize entirely with Mr. Rockefeller's position. I also appreciate his fine spirit and generosity in making his contribution without conditions.

I have thought that it might interest your readers to know that there is an excellent precedent for Mr. Rockefeller's suggestion in connection with Washington Cathedral, which is now in process of construction on the most commanding site in the District of Columbia. The charter granted by Congress Jan. 6, 1893, gives to certain citizens named power "to choose a board of trustees consisting of not more than fifteen." It requires that the chairman be "the Bishop of the diocese of the Protestant Episcopal Church of America of which the District of Columbia shall or may form the whole or a part," but does not confine the remainder of the board exclusively to members of the Protestant Episcopal Church. Naturally, as the charter incorporated "The Protestant Episcopal Cathedral Foundation of the District of Columbia," a large majority of the trustees—who are self-perpetuating—always have been, and doubtless will continue to be, members of the Episcopal Church, But the important point is that there is no requirement in the charter or the constitution to this effect, and that as a matter of fact there have been two or three non-Episcopalians on the board of trustees, including the late President Daniel C. Gilman, who was a member of the original Cathedral Chapter, which is the board of trustees.

The late Henry Yates Satterlee, first Bishop of Washington

—to whose vision and enterprise Washington Cathedral owes more than it does to any other man—had this matter of non-Episcopal representation on the board which controls the cathedral clearly in mind. Indeed, he provided for it during his lifetime. This is particularly significant, as he was a most representative churchman who gave many years of study to the project for a cathedral at the National Capital which should be a worthy symbol of the Christian religion and a great center of Christian worship and service. In his "Private Record," under date of May, 1906, occurs the following statement, which will be found on pages 459 and 460 of Bishop Brent's biography, entitled, "A Master Builder:"

"At first I thought we might even go so far as to have one or two chancellors, representatives of Protestant evangelical bodies, in the chapter, even as we have had two Presbyterians on the Cathedral Board; but after two years of thought and consultations with bishops, prominent rectors and church lawyers I came with them to the absolute conclusion that this would be a mistake. We have, however, left places for the clergy of other dioceses on the council as 'honorary canons,' and also places for ministers of evangelical Protestant bodies in the council as 'cathedral lecturers,' and I hope the day is not far distant when we shall have representatives of both on the Cathedral Council. But that is a question to be left to the future, *pro re nata*."

I hope that the Washington precedent may prove suggestive and perhaps of some help to Bishop Manning and the other members of the board of trustees of New York's Cathedral in planning to broaden their form of organization in some such ways as provided two decades ago by Bishop Satterlee or as now proposed by Mr. Rockefeller.

Anson Phelps Stokes.

Washington, D. C.

Letters Wise and Otherwise

TO HELL DOUBLY DAMNED

To the Editor of the Universalist Leader:

I enclose a copy of a letter which I have just received, which I thought you would enjoy printing in the *Leader*. I have read the several references to the intolerance which prevails in the Middle West, and I thought that it might shake some of the self-complacency of our brethren who think that Universalism is the prevailing doctrine of the United States and that there is no further use for our denomination, if they could read such "hot-stuff" as this.

The occasion for the letter may also be of interest. There has been in Birmingham for several weeks past a revivalist, the Rev. John Brown. He has been attracting crowds numbering as high as 7,000 at one time, and on Sundays his audiences total more than 20,000. He is now nearing the end of his campaign in Birmingham, and, as is his custom (for he was in Chattanooga twice), he began about two weeks ago to attack every opinion which was opposed to his views. He raised a hot debate on several issues. In one paper he came out in big headlines "Unbelief in Hell is blasphemy." In the course of his sermon he clearly indicated his belief in endless punishment. This was a little too much for me, and so I wrote to the editor of the *Birmingham Age-Herald* and sent him a printed copy of my sermon "Modern Teaching about Hell," with the request that he print it.

He not only refused to print it but published my covering letter (which was not written for publication and was purely private). The publication of this covering letter was what aroused the ire of the nameless one whose screed I enclose.

I may add that I also had a very different kind of letter from some old gentleman deploring the fact that the *Age-Herald* had refused to print my sermon and asking me for a copy of it.

Yours sincerely,

George A. Gay.

The Letter

George Gay,

Camp Hill, Ala.:

I thought of writing this "Camp Hell" instead of Camp Hill, but you'll be *camping in hell* pretty soon anyway, and it will be a *long camp too*, so we'll spell it Hill while we can. You will notice that in addressing you I use as few words as possible. You came out in the *Age-Herald* over your signature followed by "Minister of the Universalist Church," and "President of the Alabama Universalist Convention," but I don't think that a man like you is deserving of the ordinary "prefixes," Mr. or Dear Sir, much less Rev., or anything of that sort, therefore I cut it short. I've been an ardent admirer of the *Age-Herald*, but my admiration was increased a hundredfold when your *sermon*, as you term it, was refused space in that paper. The only fault that I could possibly find with the editor was this—that he didn't come out plainly and tell you that he didn't believe in printing such *damnable heresy*. I could never conceive why you *blasphemers* insist on putting such things before the public, for you *know* that nothing in the Bible is made plainer than that there is a Hell.

Your *pretending* to believe such doctrine will not keep you from going there, and further, it will influence others to go there who never would have gone, but for your *infernal* and outrageous teachings. If there are *degrees* of punishment in Hell, promoters of this nefarious doctrine should, and will, as I believe, receive the extreme limit.

The very idea of men of your *caliber* undertaking to criticise men like Rev. John Brown and others; 999 persons out of every 1,000 fully concur and coincide with Mr. Brown's teachings, and for you, the one in the 1,000, to come out and request space in one of the leading papers in the South, to contradict his teachings! "Minister of the Universalist Church!" "Minister to Hell" would be the more appropriate appellation. Jesus Christ founded the true Church and he doesn't want men like you connected with it. One would naturally suppose that you fellows would get tired of promulgating such stuff, and quit, but as long as you can deceive enough people to furnish funds for your support, suppose you will persist in it.

I sympathize greatly with those who are led astray by unprincipled men like yourself, but as for your kind, I have no sympathy whatever, and as I have intended, if there is a greater punishments for some than others, it will be fully meted out to you and all others like you. In reality such stuff is not worth noticing, but I couldn't refrain from expressing myself, and I'll just add that I am voicing the sentiment of the best people of the land. I'll not even attach my signature, as I don't want to waste any time reading anything you might say in reply, for I've heard enough of it. Notwithstanding the fact that you teach there is no Hell, you are on the road that is leading you to it as fast as one day follows another, and unless you change your course you will land there, just as sure as there is a God in Heaven.

* *

SEND NASH TO THE SOVIETS

To the Editor of the Universalist Leader:

The Associated Press carries the news that Golden Rule Nash proposes, if possible, to pick up our denomination and lay it on the altar—"very literally give it up, crucify it, or whatever may be necessary for its elimination as an institution in itself." The foregoing quotation embodies his thought, if not his very words.

Almost in the same breath he makes a great gift, conditioned however with absurd impossibilities. If he thinks for a moment that he can reshape the world to fit his own thinking, he has made a great mistake. Other denominations may possibly take his money, but one thing is pretty certain, that, at his bidding, they are not going to conform to his plans by leveling the barrier

walls that separate them from their competitors in the field of religious work.

At about the time of the breaking out of the last war, Mr. Ford chartered a ship called the "peace ship," and accepted for passage a large-sized group of radical thinkers, some of whom turned out to be hair-brained fanatics. What would happen on board that ship before it reached its destination it did not take the wisdom of Solomon to prophesy, so that no common person of average intelligence was at all surprised when the outcome or result of the voyage was given to the newspaper press.

Practically all success in a civilized country is produced by individualistic effort. It is so and always has been so, in business and in almost every other field of human endeavor, religion included. Those who have acquired private property as the result of generations, possibly, of continued effort are going to keep what they have got, if such a thing be humanly possible, whether it be the Roman Catholic Church with its vast holdings, or any other Church. Therefore, it is foolishness for our people to go out of their way very far even to please, much less to accommodate, Mr. Nash. My advice is to our people to keep what they have got as the result of a century of toilsome effort and let Mr. Nash plant his seed in that favorite region, known as Soviet Russia, where communism prevails. In that benighted land individualism has been stifled for the time being, and probably there the time is ripe for the advent of some great American reformer, filled with new ideas, which really ought, forsooth, to be given a real chance to show their practicability.

But as for launching out in Brother Nash's free-for-all lifeboat into the stormy sea of religious dissensions, jealousies and age-old hatreds, your humble servant, for one, begs to remain on shore.

Respectfully yours,

Wm. E. Lockner.

Lockport, N. Y.

We print this letter from a successful lawyer who is a Universalist, to show the misunderstanding caused by fragmentary newspaper reports. By laying the denomination on the altar, Mr. Nash means having it act unselfishly—in the spirit of Christ. Mr. Nash is not a socialist nor a communist. He believes in private property, but does not believe in accepting property which he knows other people have earned. He believes that we should act as stewards of our property, whether we are churches or individuals. He agrees with our correspondent about progress through individual effort, but goes much farther. He thinks that all individuals should have a chance to be individuals and not be compelled to be mere cogs in a machine.

As to reshaping the world to fit his own thinking we are inclined to think that Mr. Nash agrees with John Murray, Hosea Ballou, A. A. Miner, T. J. Sawyer, E. H. Chapin and practically every other Universalist Christian, that it is our first job to do it.

Our correspondent is correct in thinking that Mr. Nash would like to see the Universalist Church exert a strong influence for co-operation and good-will among denominations and for the destruction of "dissensions, jealousies and age-long hatreds."

Editors.

* *

ABOUT NASH IN NOVA SCOTIA

To the Editor of the Universalist Leader:

John L. Paton, a distinguished English educator, is touring Canada in the interest of education. He is a combination of a business man and an educator, and is a keen student of business education. The Overseas Club of Halifax gave him a banquet, to which the Universalist pastor and his wife were invited. Mr. Paton's masterly address convinced the Universalists that he was ready for the larger truth and the greater light; and so, upon being introduced to Mr. Paton, they broached the subject of Arthur Nash's Golden Rule method and his marvelous achievement. In an instant Mr. Paton's mind caught fire. He had never heard of Arthur Nash, and assured the Universalists that he is unknown in England. Here was evidently an opportunity for missionary work. It so happened that the Universalist Sunday school library included a copy of Mr. Nash's book—the only one in Halifax. After the banquet, therefore, a bee-line was made for the Universalist church, to get the book and present it to Mr. Paton—when, lo and behold, the book was gone! It was out in circulation somewhere—but where? For hours the telephone wires were kept busy, and late in the evening the book was located over in Dartmouth, miles away and on the other side of the harbor. And there was a rumor that Mr. Paton had planned to board the train for the West the following morning. After a series of breathless experiences which need not be recorded, the book was conveyed across the harbor; and, after another banquet given in Mr. Paton's honor the following day, Arthur Nash's account of his industrial miracle was placed in the hands of the Englishman, just as he was ready to board the train for Windsor. He will read it and carry its message back to England.

The main point in this little story is this: Mr. Paton, in his address, emphasized the great need for some hero in the business world—an ideal which might be placed before the young men who contemplate a business career, and deplored the lack of business ideals in current biography. It is a strong guess that Mr. Paton will find the ideal he is looking for in Arthur Nash's narrative.

Oluf Tandberg.

Halifax, Jan. 15.

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NEED OF A NEW STATE PRISON IN MASSACHUSETTS

To the Editor of the Universalist Leader:

I am enclosing herewith a pamphlet concerning the necessity for a new State Prison. I am endeavoring to get this into the hands of the business men of the state.

The first edition of 10,000 copies is now being sent out and other editions will follow as needed. Any of your readers desiring copies of this pamphlet for circulation can receive them, transportation prepaid, and stamped ready for distribution, by applying to

Yours truly,

Lewis Parkhurst.

15 *Ashburton Place, Boston, Mass.*

* *

A UNITARIAN ON RASPE AND MCLAUGHLIN

To the Editor of the Universalist Leader:

In Mr. McLaughlin's defense of the "Humble West"—splendid in its general content—that appeared in the *Leader* of Jan. 10—I think he is in error in one particular, the general relations that exist between orthodox and liberal ministers.

He refers to his own experience and that of Mr. Raspe, and considers his own happy relations as the usual and Mr. Raspe's as exceptional. After eleven years in the Middle West, four years in Iowa and seven in Kansas, with considerable travel and rather wide observation, I think just the reverse is true—that Mr. McLaughlin's experience is exceptional and that of Mr. Raspe by far the more common.

To say nothing of my experience in Iowa, and what I personally know of that of several others, my experience here I think is a fair sample.

My predecessor in this city was denied admittance into the ministerial association. By a strenuous effort of a liberal Congregational minister, who at the time I came here was a leading member of the association, I was admitted by the narrow margn of one vote.

I remained a member over five years, during which time I was never called upon to take any part in any of its devotional services, though more than three-fourths of its personnel had changed during that time. I was one year made a member of a minor committee which never met. I was once assigned a place on its program to read a paper on a strictly non-theological subject. I prepared my paper and appeared, but to my surprise found that the program had been changed without notice to me, and no explanation has since been made.

During my membership there were but two members whom I could regard as really fraternal, both Congregationalists, one of whom has since gone away, leaving but one minister out of about seventy who would condescend (?) to fraternize with a Unitarian, though all were personally cordial. But ecclesiastically, either a Universalist or a Unitarian is looked upon as a deadly heretic, dangerous to the community, and to be shunned as one would a pestilence.

From personal knowledge I know of many other communities in the Middle West and South where these conditions prevail; and the community where there is any *real religious fraternity* between orthodox and liberal ministers is the exception rather than the rule.

George T. Ashley.

Wichita, Kansas.

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ON THE MURRAY TABLET UNVEILING

To the Editor of the Universalist Leader:

I am pleased to find that progress has been made on the memorial for John Murray in Alton, Hants; the proposed tablet in the church is all right.

I suggest this important event should be used to make the acquaintance of those in the south of England who are practically ignorant of the Universalist position.

When the late Rev. Benjamin Whittemore, Universalist minister of Norwich, Conn., introduced me to the church, he said: "This brother was brought up with the Unitarians in England. All English Unitarians are Universalists."

As a public demonstration is contemplated next summer, I advise that communications should be made to the Rev. Sidney Herbert Mellone, M. G. D. Sc., Secretary of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, Essex Hall, Essex Street, Strand, London, W. C. 2. The Rev. W. G. Tarrant, B. A., editor of the *Inquirer*, 13 Brams Building, London, E. C. 4. The Rev. Delta Evans, editor of the *Christian Life*, 5 Fetter Lane, London, E. C. 4., The Rev. Philemon Moore, B. A., 5 Killieser Avenue, Streatham Hill, London, S. W. 2. Rev. Alexander Gordon, M. A., 35 Rosemary Street, Belfast, Ireland. Miss Helen Brooke Herford, 38 Willoughby Road, Hampstead, London, N. W. 3. Her father was minister of Arlington Street Church, Boston.

Alton is twenty miles from Godalming, Surrey, my native town. The minister of Meadrow Chapel, Godalming, is the Rev. Priestley Prime, Tuesley Lane, Godalming, Surrey. He is named after the celebrated Dr. Priestley, who was in the United States at the same time as Murray. Mr. Prime is also minister of the Unitarian Christian Church, Guildford, Surrey.

I have yet to learn if there is another Universalist besides myself on this side of the Atlantic, I mean of the American Ballou type. Another man who made some stir in his time in the United States was William Cobbett. He was born within ten miles of Alton, Hampshire.

Yours faithfully,

Henry Williamson.

Dundee, Scotland.

* *

SAY A KIND WORD TO THE STRANGER

To the Editor of the Universalist Leader:

In looking over some copies of "The City Temple Pulpit and Church Tidings" (an English publication) I came across a brief paragraph relating to the Church of the Divine Paternity, New York, which I felt might be both interesting and helpful.

It was written by an English tourist who made a number of visits to our churches, and is a record of impressions.

"Reaching New York, after an all-night journey, at about 7 o'clock on the first Sunday morning in December last, we had time to get settled and then to stroll across the beautiful Central Park to the Church of the Divine Paternity.

"What a glorious name! A kind welcome helped a rather lonely soul to realize that the name was not a meaningless one. To be received as a brother is helpful to a sensitive stranger.

"I can not refrain from a single word of appeal to my readers—Say a kind word to the unknown man or woman who drops in to worship with you, it will add force to all the minister says!

"Dr. Joseph Fort Newton was just the same quiet, reverent man he was wont to be in the Temple in past days, and as the service proceeded, all so orderly and uplifting, so restful and cleansing, who could doubt that we were at one at the 'Gates of Heaven.' "

There it is, a lasting impression! A church service, restful, cleansing, inspiring; guided by an awed and adoring man; and a warm hand of welcome extended to the stranger within the gates by a wide-awake member of the fellowship.

If any people on earth should be warm in their welcome and generous in their contacts it is the Universalists. "One God —the Father of all, who is above us all, and in us all." What a belief, what a forthright contagious confession. It should make our churches homes of summer opulence, and shrines of a grace abounding. All too often we find people coming into the church, standing a moment undecided, and then dropping into the nearest seat, and sometimes leaving at the close without a word of greeting having been exchanged with them, save as the minister meets them at the door. It is not that we are discourteous, we are diffident, but these are our guests and we must rise to the occasion.

George Wood.

Webster City, Iowa.

* * *

MOTHER QUINBY

FOLLOWING is a part of the address given by the Rev. Stanley Manning at the funeral of Mrs. Cordelia A. Quinby in Portland, Maine, Thursday, Feb. 5:

At such a time as this, when we come to pay our last tribute of respect and love to one who, after a long life of kindliness and wide-reaching influence, has gone from our sight for a little while, one word expresses what we feel: "Well done, good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful . . . Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." Such is the word that Mother Quinby must have heard when she entered into the larger life.

There is the sadness of parting, as always at such a time, but no rebellious grief, for at the close of such a life, when the soul, by love and helpfulness and spiritual attainment, has outgrown the body, it is fitting that the earthly house of our dwelling should be left behind, and the new life begun without its limitations.

So this is a service when we say farewell to one whom we have loved long since, but have not lost awhile, for love can never lose its own.

It is a service of commemoration and thanksgiving when we recall the life that has been lived among us, and return our gratitude to the Giver of every good and perfect gift, because we have been given the companionship for so many years of such a friend.

Our whole Church loved to call her Mother Quinby, for, with all her public service to Church and State, she was preeminently and first of all a mother. The three children of Dr. Quinby by his first marriage were dear to her before and after the coming of her own, and in these later years her mother-heart reached out to include many of us who grew up in the Church she loved.

My first impressions of her were gained when she visited in our home in Stamford, Conn., over thirty years ago, to confer with my mother, who was closely associated with her in the work of the Women's Centenary Association, now the Women's National Missionary Association, of which she was the president for eleven years, and the honorary president nearly twice that long.

In those years, after Dr. Quinby's death, and after her children were grown, she spent much of her time traveling and working among the women of the Church, and the present efficiency of the women's missionary work is in no small measure due to her.

But she was interested in all the work of the Church, particularly that which had to do with the children and young people. She was superintendent of the Augusta Sunday school at one time, and from the beginning a staunch friend both of the General Sunday School Association and of the Young People's Christian Union. She attended practically every session of the General Convention, and was intensely interested in everything that was done.

A member of the church for seventy-five years!—and she very literally belonged to it. Among her early recollections, she said, were those of sitting on the knee of her grandfather, William Brooks, while he explained the Bible to her, and passed on to her his faith in Universalism.

In 1861 she married the Eev. George W. Quinby, and went with him to Middletown, Conn., where he was minister of the church in which my grandfather and grandmother were workers, and from that time to this, her church came next to her home and family in her affections.

Mother Quinby was a Christmas child, born on Christmas Day, 1833, in Lewiston, Maine. And now after ninety-one years has come another birthday, while the spell of the Christmas season is still upon us. Born into that larger life, she goes out of our sight, but not out of our hearts and minds.

The song of the Christmas star was one of her favorite hymns, and now that for her the glorious morning has dawned, the blessedness and light whose coming she could clearly see are hers forevermore.

* * *

THE REV. I. P. QUIMBY

Israel Paul Quimby, a resident of Malden since 1882, died at the City Hospital, Cambridge, Jan. 24, 1925, after a brave but losing fight for life. Mr. Quimby underwent an operation at the Charlesgate Hospital in September and after several weeks returned to his home in Malden. In December he went to the City Hospital, Cambridge, for special treatment, but failed steadily till the end came.

Mr. Quimby was born at Dover, N. H., May 21, 1849, the first born of Israel Paul and Elizabeth Barnes (Hall) Quimby. The family moved to North Turner, Maine, in 1856, and from the farm home there when he was fifteen years of age, he went to Nichols Latin School, Lewiston, and then to Bates College, entering with the class of 1871; completing his course later, he received his A. D. He taught school in Gray, Greeley Institute, Cumberland, Parsonfield, and other places during his college life.

On March 26, 1870, he married Etta E. Browne of North Parsonfield.

After leaving college he was principal of Parsonfield Seminary and of Deering High School. While teaching there he began the study of law in the office of Clarence Hale, of Portland, Maine, completed his law course and was admitted to the bar at Auburn. He practised this profession in Boston, but in the fall of 1877 he entered Crane Divinity School and was called the next year to the pastorate of the Universalist church at Charlton, Mass. He was ordained in 1879. After a successful pastorate of five years here, he was called in 1883 to the Universalist church at Orange, Mass. He was five years with this church. The work prospered under his ministry. He was especially successful here in Sunday school and young people's work. His next pastorate was in Bath, Maine, where he went in 1888. The Young People's Christian Union organization came into being while Mr. Quimby was in Bath, and he and Mrs. Quimby were delegates to the National Convention at Lynn, Mass., in 1889, where he was elected vice-president of the new national organization.

From Bath he moved to Malden, Mass., and they united with the Columbus Avenue Church under Dr. Miner. He was called to the Church of our Father at South Boston to succeed the Rev. J. J. Lewis, and was nearly four years with this church. He was afterward located at St. Johnsbury, Vt., and held short pastorates in several other places. Mr. Quimby continued preaching as a supply with more or less regularity until his last sickness.

His married life of nearly fifty years was especially happy. Mrs. Quimby survives, with five children—J. Ernest Quimby of Brookline, Frank H. Quimby of Walpole, Miss S. Bessie Quimby of Malden, Mrs. Nettie M. Wentworth of Parsonfield, and Mrs. E. Pauline Binford of Brookline.

The funeral was conducted from the home in Malden on Tuesday, Jan. 27, by the Rev. W. S. Perkins, his roommate at Tufts, and the Rev. E. V. Stevens, a lifelong friend. Interment was at Forest Hills.

* * *

THE PARABLES OF SAFED THE SAGE

The Parable of the Cross Word Puzzle

Keturah spake unto me saying, All of our friends, and all of our friends' friends, and all of their friends, are laboring over Cross-Word Puzzles.

And I said, In my youth we had the Fifteen Puzzle, and there were folk who went Crazy because they could not move the Little Squares around so that 15, 14, 13 could be made into 13, 14 and 15.

And she inquired, saying, I also remember that, and I have forgotten whether it could be done, or whether they were wasting their labor.

And I said, If I remember right, it was always possible to get the First Twelve Numbers in place, but one could never be sure of the Last Three. I think there were six possible combinations of those three numbers and that three could be worked and three could not. And I think they found that in any combination where there were two of the three in order, the third could be brought into place, but never otherwise.

And she said, Look at this Literary Checkerboard. What is a word of seven letters that meaneth truth?

And I said, That is easy; it is Veracity.

And she said, That is the First Horizontal. Now let us try the First Perpendicular.

And I said, This soundeth like Geometry.

And she said, What is a word of seven letters that meaneth a protection against Small-Pox?

And I said, Vaccine; this is play for Children.

And she said, Be not too quick to congratulate thyself. What is a word for something immature?

And I said, Flapper.

And she said, It must have Six Letters and begin with E.

And I said, Embryo.

And she said, Thou art doing well. Now give me a word of five letters for friendship.

And after I had Worried about it quite a while, she said, Thou art not Omniscient, It is Amity.

And I said, If thou knewest, wherefore didst thou let me labor in vain?

And she said, I thought it would do thee good.

And I said, Let me see that Speckled Diagram.

And before long I was hard at work on it.

And Keturah said, I perceive that now we shall go over to the Great Majority. Henceforth thou wilt never be content till thou gettest the answer to the Daily Puzzle.

And after I had worked two or three of them, I said unto Keturah:

Life is a Cross-Word Puzzle. And some folk made a bad guess in their very first word. The word is Veracity, and they think it is Capacity, and they work out half the puzzle in that way. And it seemeth to give Satisfactory results for a time, but it will not work the Puzzle. And they think they find a solution to life's mysteries in Meanness, whereas the key-word is Kindness, and they write in the word Doubt where Faith ought to be.

And Keturah said, Faith and Kindness and Veracity are good words anywhere.

And I said, They go far toward giving the right answer to any Puzzle.

Home and Children

THE BARTER

I have sold the farm where my youth was spent,
And my days of wisdom and glad content.
And my friends have come to rejoice with me,
For at last, they say, I am truly free.
But I know full well, though I may not tell,
I have sold the beauty that fed my heart.

I have sold the spaces of azure sky,
Where the winged clouds went in cohorts by.
I have sold the fields that the sunshine blest,
Where the wild wind played with the grasses' crest,
I have sold the groves, and the fairy coves,
And the placid pond where the lilies grew.

I have sold the flowers of a thousand hues
That have welcomed me in the morning dews,
And that tender music of bygone days
When the sweet birds sang me their roundelays.
I have sold the oak that memories woke,
And the trustful love of my creatures dumb.

I have sold the tints of the coming spring
With the perfumed air that the summers bring;
And for cash have bartered the living gold
That the treasure-troves of the autumn hold.
I have lost the gleam on my ice-bound stream,
And the wonderland of the drifting snow.

I have purchased ease for my weary hands,
And the way before me hath no quicksands,
But my eyes are seeking the scenes they know,
And my heart is sick for the long ago
When across the sheen of my acres green
Were inscribed in beauty the thoughts of God.

Emma C. Wildman, in Friends' Intelligencer.

* * *

S. O. S. AND CITY WITS

Rose Brooks

"CERTAINLY you may go with me," said "Uncle Doctor" Blair to David Martin, who was spending a winter week with him in the bleak fastnesses of the New Hampshire hills. "Jump into your warmest togs and be spry. Time I was off this minute."

Turning to Aunt Helen, who was gathering thick robes warmed at the kitchen stove, he continued, "Home by dark, I hope, though it's a long rough road to Lookout Farm. Oh, let the lad go. Warm as toast in that little car with every window shut. Has hankerings to be a doctor himself, he was telling me to-day. Let him get a glimpse or two, first hand, of a country doctor's life. Maybe he'll choose it, obstacles and all," and gathering up the robes he whistled his way to the barn and backed out his gallant little car, just as David, with a bang of the kitchen door, raced to join him.

"Lucky the ground's frozen? Right you are. Be there in half the time," said Uncle Ben. "Though 'Henry Elizabeth' doesn't mind a little mud, either. Don't mind a few jounces, do you?" Two villages they soon left behind them, snug white houses stretched along a wide, tree-lined road—scattered farmhouses they passed, always with a wave from Uncle Ben if any one was visible. Wasn't he the friend of every man, woman, and child in those grim, cold hills?

"Five miles more," said Uncle Ben, as they whizzed past a pumpkin-colored farmhouse which radiated the sun's own cheer. "Few houses along here. Too bad rich soil and fine views don't always go together. That side road? No, not a wood road—there's a house just around the first turn. Family by the name of Green. Having a hard pull of it. Haven't seen them for I don't know how long—off the road as they are."

Not over three-quarters of an hour was Uncle Ben at Lookout Farm. Cheer and encouragement he left behind him; and David, who had thoroughly warmed himself at the kitchen stove, followed him eagerly as he whistled his way, as was his wont, to the waiting little car. "Great to be a doctor, Uncle Ben," said the boy shyly, as they settled themselves and the engine buzzed energetically.

"Oh, well," said Uncle Ben, "only a country doctor. Takes country wits to be a country doctor, though," and he smiled jovially at his favorite nephew, for the joke of country wits and city wits was an old one between them.

"City doctors," David began his old defense, and then forgot the worn and friendly argument at sight of the side road leading to "Green's."

As if in answer to his thought, Uncle Ben swung "Henry Elizabeth" into it. "First time I've had twenty minutes to run and see how they are," he explained. "Don't see how they stick, with those little children, and only Green himself to do the clearing." Rounding the concealing curve, he finished briefly, climbing out. "May save a window for them if we tie that banging blind. Of all forlornities to call a home! Come around the house and see how long you think it would take city wits to clear this crop of stumps and raise a crop of potatoes in its stead. Race you to it!" And Uncle Ben was off like the boy he was at heart.

Just how it happened, David never knew. Uncle Ben never knew. But in less than twenty feet, Uncle Ben lay flat on the ground, face down, silent.

"Uncle Ben! Are you hurt?" David knelt at his side. "Uncle Ben! Where are you hurt?"

Silence, not even a moan. David choked back his throttling fear, and leaned his head close. "Breathing," he whispered. "Now, what'll I do? What would Uncle Ben do?" The winter wind howled the only answer. Racing to the house, David found the door unlocked, and a quick look took stock of a rough-stone fireplace.

Gently as he could, he dragged Uncle Ben inside. It was the work of three minutes to gather dry leaves and twigs, and Uncle Ben's pockets always yielded matches.

"Now he won't freeze," whispered David, "and he's breathing. Must have hit his head. Now what'll I do?"

No answer from resourceful Uncle Ben helped him. Remembering the car, David dashed out and staggered back under a load of robes. "Can't freeze,"

he repeated, as if stunned. "What'll I do? What'll I do?" Sudden resolution filled his heart. Answer that question he would, and by his own wits. How many problems had Uncle Ben faced and solved? David squared his shoulders and thought fast.

"If anybody'd hear!" he said aloud suddenly, and running back to the car, started the engine. Run a car? Yes. David understood a car like the born mechanic he was, and could run one like an expert around the farm yard, though lack of years barred the license which would have opened the highways to him. But it was for no purpose of running the car that he started the engine. His sure finger pressed the horn, and there rang out in the winter silence toot-toot-toot (dots); toot-toot-toot (dashes) toot-toot-toot (dots). Again and again the summons sounded, sure, sharp, precise. Not in David's code was it to leave Uncle Ben unguarded.

"Now if any country boy knows the code," murmured David, and rushed back to Uncle Ben to wait. Watch in hand he sat. "I'll blow at five-minute intervals," he decided, and trip after trip he made to the car.

Determined not to let fear creep in, David was about to blow his sixth summons when he held his breath to listen—then, both hands cupping his mouth, he shouted as loud as his young lungs could.

"Halloo! Coming!" and around the curve ran a boy, tall as David himself. "What's up?" he greeted breathlessly. "Heard your S. O. S. and came, fast as I could. Long way. Heard you all right, though. Guess I'm the only fellow around here with a set. Lucky you broke down near somebody that knew the code."

"We haven't broken down," said David, in immense relief at the presence of so capable a helper, and told his tale.

"Must be his head," said David, as the two boys knelt by Uncle Ben. "Now you're here, if you'll stay with him, I'll go after the doctor in Bridgeton. Yes, I can drive a car all right," and David, making for the door, stopped short at a low murmur from Uncle Ben.

"Coming to," said the country boy, Tom Wayne by name. "Easy now," to Uncle Ben, who moved his arm as if in pain.

Again silence, the two boys waiting breathlessly, and then Uncle Ben opened his eyes and slow recognition filled them. "Hello," he said after a moment. "What's up? Where'd you drop from, Tom?"

"Heard David's S. O. S.," explained Tom, as though the modern activities of boys formed a bond not to be questioned.

"S. O. S.?" Uncle Ben, after an effort to sit up, again lay back in his robes. "What's it all about, David? How long have I been here? What on earth happened, anyway?"

David's recital of facts was brief. "I didn't want to leave you," he said, "and I just blew an S. O. S. a few times on the horn, and Tom heard, and course he came. He knows the code."

"There's more than one code," said Uncle Ben slowly, and both boys looked at each other. Was he worse again?

"Must have hit my head a fine bump," went on Uncle Ben, disgust in his voice. "Now you fetch in my bag, David, and I'll prescribe for myself, and in half an hour we'll be on our way. Dark already, isn't it? Never mind, we'll stop at Tom's and telephone Aunt Helen."

David, bringing in the battered black leather bag, opened it to display its rows of little bottles. "I wished and I wished I knew what to give you," he said, wistful and eager. "Show me which bottle is right, Uncle Ben."

"Only a country doctor," said Uncle Ben, beginning on their time-worn joke. "But let me tell you, young man, I've said my last say about city wits. The variety you displayed in this emergency is good enough for me."

"Ho!" returned David, embarrassed. "Guess it wouldn't have done much good to send out an S. O. S. if Tom hadn't answered it. I'm coming over some day to see Tom's set. He can receive the code, fast as I can."

"You both of you know more codes than one," repeated Uncle Ben, and the boys, though puzzled, yet thrilled to the approval in his voice. "Now jump in, Chauffeur David, and drive your battered old uncle home. Trust you to drive?" in answer to David's shining look. "I'm quite willing to trust more than driving to you two specimens of the younger generation."

"Tom's country and I'm city." David resumed the old joke gleefully as he honked his way out of the side road, and sped toward the lighted windows of Tom's house.

"Right you are," and David wondered why the old joke left Uncle Ben serious. "Perhaps neither of us will ever win that point. Perhaps it always takes two halves to make a whole. No, that's not the answer, either. Wits are wits, and what's the difference where they are, so long as the world holds them?"

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* * *

AND SO IT WAS

A man with an uncanny mania for juggling with figures produced pencil and paper and said to a friend:

"Put down the number of your living brothers. Multiply it by two. Add three. Multiply the result by five. Add the number of living sisters. Multiply the result by ten. Add the number of dead brothers and sisters. Subtract one hundred and fifty from the result."

The friend did it.

"Now," said the other with a cunning smile, "the right-hand figure will be the number of deaths, the middle figure the number of living sisters, and the left-hand figure the number of living brothers."

And so it was.—*Tit-Bits.*

* * *

SO RELIGIOUS

A little girl returned home to her parents after taking her musical examination. They asked her how she had got on.

"Very well, I think," she answered.

"What was the examiner like?"

"Quite a nice man—and so religious."

"Religious! How could you tell?"

"In the middle of one of my pieces he put his head in his hands and said, 'Oh, heavens! Oh, heavens!' very reverently."—*The Methodist Recorder.*

Book Reviews

Conducted by Granville Hicks

Any book reviewed in the *Leader* may be obtained by ordering from the Universalist Publishing House.

Those Europeans

By Sisley Huddleston. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

Mr. Huddleston, Paris correspondent of the *London Times* and the *Christian Science Monitor*, by reputation incomparably well informed about French politics, and thoroughly conversant with the European situation, has apparently occupied his leisure moments in writing this series of articles. Each chapter bears the name of a leader in England or on the continent, but Mr. Huddleston has not written character sketches. On the contrary, most of the articles deal with the political or social conditions which form the background for the careers under consideration.

When, for example, he writes on Primo de Rivera, he concerns himself for the most part with the responsibility of the Spanish army for the decadence of Spain. An essay on the Pope treats the new policies of the Vatican. The difficult position of Poland is described in an article on General Sikorski. Since Dr. Dorten has advocated the separation of the Rhineland from the rest of Germany, the article about him is really an article about his proposal. In the essays on Clemenceau, Lyautey, Caillaux, Millerand, and Poincare we are given an account of some of the forces active in France. Sir William Goode and Sir John Bradbury provide Mr. Huddleston with the occasion for some remarks on the reparation problem, and because of Lord Robert Cecil he is enabled to voice his approval of the League of Nations.

Some of the essays partake more of the nature of character studies than others, notably those on Ramsay MacDonald, Lloyd George, Clemenceau, and D'Annunzio, but Mr. Huddleston gives us little insight into the minds of these men. He is better when he deals with situations and forces than when he deals with people, and it is in those essays that are farthest from psychographs, as Gamaliel Bradford calls them, that he is at his best. The book helps us materially in understanding the situation in Poland, in Italy, in Spain, in Germany, and particularly in France. The essay on Lyautey gives an excellent account of French Imperialism, and that on Stresemann slightly illumines the obscure situation across the Rhine. Regarded as a book about the European situation, Mr. Huddleston's volume contains a good deal of valuable material, although some of it is already out of date, so rapidly do conditions change.

The author's approach is essentially that of a journalist who has a grasp of the situation. He tries to be fair, as most reporters try to be fair, though he has marked prejudices. On the whole his analyses are keen and his conclusions valid. He displays little of the cynicism sometimes found in journalists, and records with genuine pleasure any step that seems to him to be toward peace. He strongly favors the League of Nations. As would be expected, however, he stands squarely for the *status quo*, accepts all the illusions about the Great War, and apologizes for economic imperialism. In short, he combines a tendency to accept things as they are and a notable streak of idealism.

* *

The Story of Teapot Dome

By M. E. Ravage. The Republic Publishing Company. $1.00.

When excitement and the headlines were running high and the stench of oil was fairly nauseating, the more moderate journals wisely counseled calmness and the suspension of judgment. They called for fair play, inveighing against hasty opinions nourished on scandal. After the temperature of public emotion had dropped, they said, reason would hold sway. Then they would see to it that no guilty man escaped.

All this was right and proper, but the temperature fell some time ago and with it public interest, and as yet we have not noticed that these moderate journals are loud and lusty in their demand that justice be done. We have not witnessed any attempt on the part of these journals to make Teapot Dome more than a nine days' wonder. We have not found them engaged in stirring up the conscience of a looted country. The corruption, the inefficiency, the indifference to the public welfare, which the oil scandals revealed have been ignored, presumably because confidence in the Government has reached so low a point that no amount of graft and greed can create a stir. Have we seen the moderate journals bucking this indifference, attacking this cynicism? Have they demanded that the offenders be punished, that the public domains be protected against further spoliation, that the sound conservation policies of Roosevelt and Wilson be restored? Perhaps they have, but we haven't noticed it.

The public is still depressingly ignorant in the matter of the oil scandal. How the naval reserves came into being and what purpose they were intended to serve, how they passed into the hands of the Department of the Interior, and on what terms they were leased to Mr. Doheny and Mr. Sinclair, are matters concerning which most of us know little. We are better informed than was the Assistant Secretary of the Navy at the time of the hearing if we know where the three reserves are located and realize that Naval Reserves 1 and 2, in California, are really more important than Reserve 3, in Montana, which gave its picturesque name to the unsavory mess. Presumably none of us knows how much weight to give the argument that the oil was being drained off, and we have no way of estimating whether the terms on which Mr. Fall leased the reserves were advantageous. As to the mass of evidence brought to bear on the honesty of the former Secretary of the Interior, who is in a position to evaluate it?

In short, we are sadly in need of such a book as Mr. Ravage has written. Nothing is more important to the country than the conservation of its natural resources except the preservation of honesty and efficiency in office. The significance of Teapot Dome is the revelation of a double threat against our material wealth and our governmental integrity. That public indignation was not aroused should cause us alarm, but the important thing now is to bring about a dispassionate resolve that this must not happen again. Only an informed, intelligent electorate can prevent the repetition of such a disgrace to the country. Mr. Ravage begins with a history of the reserves, proceeds by discussing Mr. Fall's general policy, outlines the preliminary moves, gives the terms of the various deals, analyzes the technical problems involved, calls attention to the secrecy with which the deals were put through, dwells upon the honest stupidity of Secretary Denby, and presents the facts in the case of Mr. Fall. Interesting, sometimes amusing, even flippant perhaps, his book is packed with information that the American public ought to have.

* *

The Faith of Modernism

By Shailer Mathews. The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

Dr. Mathews shares with Dr. Fosdick and one or two others the honor of leading in the fight for Modernism. In this little book he attempts to restate his position, strengthening his bulwarks against the Fundamentalists on the one side and the materialists on the other. To those of us who call ourselves Liberals rather then Modernists he sometimes seems a little too regardful of ancient forms and antique formulas, but we should attribute this more to reverence than to caution, and we should be willing to honor him for his courage in taking his stand.

Like Dr. Fosdick, he insists that the new view of the Bible is more fruitful than the old, and he states very briefly much of what is in "The Modern Use of the Bible." He is a little wary of theology and very insistent on the modern duties of the Church: "Our new world can not be made

(*Continued on page* 30)

Sunday School Search Lights

The address of the General Sunday School Association of the Universalist Church is 176 Newbury Street, Boston, Mass.

TEMPORARILY HORIZONTAL

The telephone bell is ringing; here comes the postman; the florist has just gone. What friendly folks the Universalists are! It is sometimes said that our Church is simply one great family, a happy company of brothers and sisters in good cheer and good-will. During the past few weeks, when some of my experiences have been quite trying, the fine fraternity existing among us has been delightfully demonstrated. Messages of sympathy and good hope have come from friends far and near, old and young, known and unknown; and every one has cheered and helped both the faithful wife and myself. Greatly prized also have been the resolutions passed by many Sunday schools, expressing kindly interest.

The editor of the *Leader* says that people desire to know the exact facts about my illness. The doctors are not able to give them; but, following the X-ray examinations, prophecies are very encouraging. It now appears that the expected operation will be unnecessary. After a little rest I will be back at my post, with renewed enthusiasm for my tasks. It is not likely, however, I shall cling to the theory that even a husky man can work day and evening three hundred and sixty-five days a year.

The Sojourner.

* *

AT THE WASHINGTON CONFERENCE

At the great Missionary Conference held in Washington, Mrs. Theresa A. Williams and Miss Jennie Lois Ellis acted as special representatives and reporters of the General Sunday School Association. Their services were secured in co-operation with the Women's National Missionary Association.

* *

TWO WEEKS IN ILLINOIS

To be for two weeks a visitor to the Oak Park Church and other Illinois parishes is an interesting experience; to be as well the guest of the Vallentynes is an enviable privilege. Unity Church of Oak Park may well be proud of many things, of its spacious church plant with its strikingly unusual architecture, of the fine record of achievement in all the organizations during the present pastorate, and, above all, of the spirit of harmony and good-will which prevails. That Mr. and Mrs. Vallentyne are leaving is a very evident source of regret to all, yet the people while feeling their loss are striving to be glad for their pastor in this call to larger service.

"The progressive dinner" of the Young People's Christian Union demonstrated that the young people of high school age were enthusiastic and knew how to plan good times together. Their Sunday evening meeting showed good leadership and a true devotional spirit. The fact that one evening later we met for the organization of a dramatic club argues well for the activities of the group. And every member of the Y. P. C. U. is a member of the church school!

Presenting the work of religious education to the people of the church in the morning service, visiting the church school and speaking there, a week-night workers conference and supper, and conferences with individual teachers—all were part of the week's program. To this might be added a visit to Chicago University with Rev. Lucy Markley, with its opportunity of meeting leaders in the work of religious education, and a most interesting round-table luncheon with Universalist ministers.

(To be continued)

The W. N. M. A.

Conducted by Mrs. Ethel M. Allen, 411 Glen Echo Circle, Columbus, Ohio

THE FOREIGN MISSIONS CONFERENCE

Can you imagine yourself under a roof with the inhabitants of a small city? Then you can have a little idea of the size of this conference. To sit among such a group, to hear the singing of such a number and to realize that all were there for the same purpose, animated by the same ambition, namely, to learn how the Kingdom of Heaven could be more truly realized on earth, was an inspiration in itself.

You will read elsewhere of the great mass meetings and the splendid addresses, and so I am going to tell of one of the sessional conferences, which were held in the various churches each afternoon.

I am going to call this conference "Education of the Church along Missionary Lines." Dr. Saylor, a bishop of the Episcopal Church, started the discussion by defining Missionary Education as teaching the world the meaning of the Kingdom of Heaven, then, as necessary by-products would come: 1. Christianity as a world religion. 2. Elimination of all sectarian divisions. 3. Realization of religion as expressed in terms of service. 4. Challenge to all men and women to sacrifice. 5. Tendency to decrease luxury and return to simpler modes of life. These he said would be the natural results of a world in which the church was educated to the real meaning of the coming of the Kingdom of Heaven.

How to educate a church was the real problem, and the ways of making the members of a parish see the needs of the world, understand them and then try to meet them constituted the task before all of us.

First must come a trained leadership for such a task. In the discussion which followed the problem of finding leaders seemed to be the one which baffled most of the churches. Dr. Archer of Yale University gave the solution which he has worked out and tested in both large city churches and small rural communities znd has worked both in individual churches and in community groups. His solution is to enlist the whole parish in an intensive study which includes a project large enough to interest men and women as well as children and one which requires hand work from all ages. This year, as the subject for study is China, he has planned a project which shall include the making of a Chinese temple, a home, a shop, and a mission compound, with school, hospital and church as well as a factory room. These are to be made as accurately as possible, and so the men who saw and nail must study the life of the people in order to reproduce the buildings. Those who decorate must know something of Chinese art, and those who interpret the parts of a factory worker, doctor, teacher or homekeeper must know whereof they act. He explained it on a big scale, but also showed how it had been worked out in smaller places in a much simpler manner. This was put on at the end of a six weeks' period of mission study, not for financial gain but more as an educational project. He has published a booklet containing the directions for this year's project, which is called "China in the Local School," and is obtainable for 50 cents.

A layman from California told how the interest in mission study has grown on the Pacific Coast until the church of which he is a member and the community plan a regular course of six weeks' intensive study, which includes classes for every age from the kindergarten to the adult. This has been accomplished by choosing individuals who show qualities of leadership and sending them to summer institutes. On their return they are further trained to teach the local classes. He emphasized the fact that this involved the spending of money, but that it had proved to be worth while so that his church had appropriated $300 for that purpose, and considered it the best investment it could make.

We, as Universalists, are beginning to see the value of summer institutes and have some splendid ones for the Y. P. C. U., the Sunday school and women's organizations. Can we not make better use of them and enlarge them to include courses for men?

Time and space prevent my telling more. I will gladly give more information to any who care to ask for it.

Josephine Folsom.

Among Our Churches

New York City Letter

Divine Paternity House. — The work being done by Miss Taylor and her helpers is worthy of the first place. Miss Taylor leads with inspiration and inspires by her leadership. The House, recognized as a Universalist settlement, is the 50th member of the United Neighborhood Houses—a union in the co-operative spirit to make the city a better place in which to live. The Y. P. C. U., of which both Protestants and Catholics are members, is a group of splendid young people who enjoy the pleasures of a day, but are thinking, also, of things of eternal value. The devotional meetings for the balance of the year have been planned. On Feb. 20 the subject will be "Patriotism." A troop committee has been organized to support and develop the Boy Scout work. Mrs. Ramsdell, the children's worker, has resumed her classes. The monthly record of Divine Paternity House is one of joy in service. * * **Divine Paternity.**—One of the largest congregations of the year greeted Dr. Newton Feb. 1 upon his return to his preaching station after an illness of several weeks. "The sermon and singing were of exceptional merit," is the report. On March 18 comes the annual meeting, preceded by a sale, afternoon tea, and supper served by the Y. P. C. U. Dr. Newton delivered four addresses of vision and power in February, at the Central Y. M. C. A., Brooklyn. Themes: "Does God Talk to Men?" "The Spiritual History of Lincoln." "Jesus and Men." "What Is Life For?" The Church Calendar contained this invitation by the minister:"The Christian Year opens with the Advent of Jesus, and its festivals follow his Life and Passion from Infancy to the Ascension. It is at once a parable of his Life, a ritual of his Gospel, and a method of realizing his truth. It is both an opportunity and an obligation to those who seek to follow in his way and live in his name. The glory of Christmas hallows the Old Year as it dies, and consecrates the New Year as it dawns. It celebrates the birth of the Divine in our earthly life, as Easter Day prophesies the birth of mortality into immortality. Uniting the two ends of life, Christianity gives a tongue to Time, a meaning to Eternity, and a purpose to our days and years. To achieve the meaning of life, to fulfil its purpose and prophecy, we are united in a fellowship of Faith and Service, to find the truth which no one can know for another and none may learn alone. To this end and in this spirit we invite all who find our fellowship helpful and inspiring to join with us in worship and ministry in the name and spirit of Jesus." * * **Dr. Hall** preached on Feb. 8 in All Souls Unitarian Church, Manhattan, and on Feb. 15 in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn. * * **Washington Heights.**—Moving pictures Sunday nights of educational value, have won many admirers. The History of Israel in pictures is creating interest in the Junior Church. The Quentin Roosevelt Post of the U. S. Junior Naval Reserve, of which Mr. Harris is commander, composed of sixty fine Heights boys, is helping the church. An experiment is to be tried of having Saturday evening moving pictures, of highest grade, to which a small admission will be charged. On Feb. 14, "Monte Cristo" was shown. * * **The Metropolitan Alliance** held its February (13) meeting at Washington Heights. Mrs. G. A. Fudger was chairman, and Mrs. Muriel S. Harris, Miss Fudger, Miss Van Raalte and Miss Robertson, musicians and vocalists. The Rev. Charles Francis Potter of the West Side Unitarian Church spoke upon "Buffaloes and Brussels-sprouts." * * **Mt. Vernon.**—Here are the subjects of Dr. Sayles up to Easter: "Did Jesus Teach Popular Christianity?" "Did Jesus Teach an Infallible Bible?" 'Did Jesus Teach Character as the Basis for Salvation?" "Did Jesus Emphasize Morality as the Essential Factor in Christianity?" "Was Jesus a Practical Man in the Light of Twentieth Century Knowledge?" "Did Jesus Preach on Endless Hell?" "Who is a Christian from the Viewpoint of Jesus?" "Was Jesus a Modernist?" * * **Chapin Home.**—Preachers for March: Rev. E. C. Macklin, 8th; Rev. J. H. Lathrop, D. D., 22d. The annual report records two large gifts the past year; $31,500 bequeathed by Mrs. Jennie Butler, and $40,000 from the estate of Mrs. Washington L. Cooper. The religious census of the family is interesting—Methodists 18, Universalists 17, Episcopalians 16, Liberals 16, Presbyterians 9, Baptists 3, Catholics 3, Congregationalists 3, Dutch Reformed 3, Christian Scientists 2, Lutherans 2, Friend 1, Christian 1, Spiritualist 1, Reformed 1. * * **The Annual Banquet** of the Metropolitan Y. P. C. U. was held at the Church of Good Tidings, Feb. 6. Miss Idalia Whitcomb presided. Rev. E. H. Lalone extended the word of welcome, and Rev. Allison Ray Heaps gave a capital address on "The Record True." Dancing followed. * * **Good Tidings.**—Rev. E. H. Lalone has arranged a series of Lenten services to be opened by Dr. J. Fort Newton. A new and pleasing idea is a union meeting, once a month, of the auxiliary bodies of the church, with transaction of business, a social hour and refreshments. * * **All Souls.**—An experiment in the music program will commence May 3. The contract with the present choir will terminate, and "vocal and instrumental soloists whose names can be depended upon to attract people" will be engaged. This is done "to attract people from our neighborhood to our church services." Annual dinner of Men's Club, Feb. 27. Speakers: Don C. Seitz, Hon. F. J. Kracke, Rev. W. W. Giles, Meier Steinbrink and D. F. Rothafel. Mrs. Wm. J. Whiting has presented a pulpit Bible in memory of her husband. The young people presented a play, "The New Co-Ed," to a full house on Feb. 13. * * **Our Father.**—At the annual banquet of the Men's Club to be held Feb. 25 Dr. Newton will speak upon "Abraham Lincoln." * * **Dr. Cadman,** at the Bedford Conference, was asked this question, "Do you believe in the final harmony of all souls with God?" This is his answer: "Well, I can not conceive that there is going to be a largely populated world upon which, as a smudge on the horizon of all the blessed, they can look and say, 'There is where some of my relations are.' But on the other hand, I do not profess to decipher the mystery of the future, except in these terms, that the Judge of all the earth will do right. I am perfectly willing to leave it to God and to the judgments of God. All I exhort you to do is to remember that your will to do makes your life and all its values, and every time you decide wrongly you weaken your will to do right, and without the will to do right the future life is of no advantage to you. It is not a question of whether I shall live forever beyond death. It is a question of what I shall do with life when I am there. If I am not cultivating spiritual capacity for immortality, then mine must be a fearful state. I shall see others pass me into the Kingdom, while I am shut out from its glory. That is not arguing fiery penalties. It is arguing psychological reality. Therefore will every man who knows that God is his Father and believes that Christ is his brother and saviour, turn to the Lord while he has time and opportunity, and not trespass or take advantage of the majesty of Divine love and justice." * * **A Contrast.**—From the *New York Times* of Feb. 2 we glean reports of two Sunday (Feb. 1) meetings in New York City. Under the heading "All Creeds Urge Religion for Youth," it is reported that Cardinal Hayes, Rabbi David De Sola Pool, and Rev. Dr. Walter M. Howlett entered a common plea for the religious education of our youth that they may walk with God, have faith in the divinity of the soul, follow the upward urge, add to the common treasure of enlightenment, progress, hope and spirituality, and learn "that serving idols of gold holds them back from serving golden ideals." Now for the contrast. Another meeting was reported with this heading, "15,000 Reds

Cheer Soviet in America." For four hours 15,000 people shouted and cheered such sentiments as "Down with capitalism. Down with its system. Up with the Soviet Republic." Charles E. Ruthenberg, Ben Gitlow, Jack Stachel, Morris Sector, L. E. Katterfield, A. Barilоosky and Noissaye J. Elgin were among the speakers.

Thomas Edward Potterton.

Church News and Interests

PERSONAL

Rev. Almira L. Cheney has entered upon her duties as parish and Sunday school worker at St. Paul's Church, Clinton, Ill.

Rev. John Vannevar of Swampscott, Rev. Stanley G. Spear of Roxbury, and Rev. L. W. Coons, D. D., in charge of supplying the Newtonville church, effected a three-cornered exchange Feb. 8, Vannevar going to Roxbury, Coons to Swampscott and Spear to Newtonville.

Rev. Walter M. Macpherson of Joliet, Ill., reports a star Sunday school class of eight boys with a perfect attendance for two years.

Rev. F. Osten-Sacken, Ph. D., minister of the Universalist church at Osage, Iowa, is delivering in connection with his pastorate lectures throughout the Middle West. Dr. Osten-Sacken speaks on "Brains and Business," "Basic Principles of Success," "The Golden Rule Applied to the Yard Stick" and similar topics.

A group of the parishioners and personal friends of Rev. Charles Conklin, D. D., of Canton, Mass., surprised him on his birthday, Tuesday evening, Feb. 10, by calling at his home with a birthday cake adorned with seventy candles. Along with the cake was the sum of $100 as an outward token of the affection in which Dr. Conklin is held.

Mrs. Ethel M. Allen attended the mid-year State Board meeting of North Carolina churches and of the W. U. M. A. in Goldsboro, N. C., Feb. 4 and 5.

California

Pasadena.—Rev. Carl F. Henry, pastor. Christmas is a long way behind, as Westerners live, but its fragrance still lingers—owing in large part to the extraordinary presentation by the church school of the pageant, "The Birth of Christ." This was staged under the direction of Miss Lilian Truman, ably assisted by Miss Helen Henry, A. W. MacRae, Prof. E. C. Hopkins, Robert S. Allen and other helpers. The church school, under the superintendency of Capt. Charles E. Hicks, has beaten all previous records of enrollment and attendance; a new dramatic club has been formed; the Men's Club, under the presidency of Burritt S. Allen, is very much alive; and our troop of Boy Scouts has taken first place in the elimination contests in the first aid work. L. E. Morrison is their Scoutmaster and he has called to his assistance Willard S. Liphard, a young man until recently associated with the Lutheran church. All of our household are saddened by the death of Dr. Norman Bridge. He was known to Chicago and Southern California as a wealthy and generous philanthropist, but his friends and associates knew him as one of the sweetest and kindest and most cultured and most lovable of men. He was a generous benefactor of our church. While still under the hush of his passing our circle again was entered by the dread Reaper who claimed this time Mrs. Elizabeth Boynton Harbert. She was one of the most extraordinary women of her generation. She was associated with Susan B. Anthony and Mary A. Livermore and Lucretia Mott and other pioneers of woman suffrage; with Frances Willard and other apostles of temperance; and she had a prominent and effective part in preparing for the World's Parliament of Religions in Chicago in 1893. All her life she had done valiant service for international peace. For eighteen years she had lived in Pasadena, coming here from Evanston, Ill., and all of the time she was active to the limit of her strength in behalf of every worthy cause. Our church held a tribute service in her memory on the afternoon of Feb. 9. The Mission Circle held its annual luncheon on Feb. 5, with friends from Los Angeles, Riverside and Santa Paula present, Miss M. Agnes Hathaway being the distinguished guest.

Illinois

Waltonville.—Rev. Wm. D. Harrington, pastor. We are beginning the year 1925 with a new set of church and Sunday school officers. Harrison Norris, moderator; Ira Mannen, clerk; Mrs. Lora Mannen, treasurer. Trustees, W. E. Foreman, Clive F. Hartley and Mrs. Stanton Sulcer. Deacons, W. H. Norris and John G. Hartley. Sunday school superintendent, Mrs. Cora Hartley; assistant, Harrison Norris; secretary-treasurer, Miss Muriel Mannen; librarian, Billy Harrington. Mrs. C. F. Hartley, treasurer of the birthday offerings. Rev. Wm. D. Harrington, teacher of Young People's Class. Ladies' Aid: Mrs. Ora Ragland, president; Mrs. Lola Fagan, vice-president; Mrs. Arletta Sulcer, treasurer; Mrs. Cora Hartley, secretary. On Sunday, Jan. 11, W. Harrison Norris paid into the birthday offerings of our Sunday school what we suspect is the largest birthday offering paid in any of our churches—if there is a larger we would like to know it. He paid 80 cents, it being his eightieth birthday. Mr. Norris is one of the main stand-bys of the Sunday school, coming every Sunday unless the weather is very severe. The pastor is planning for the organization of a Y. P. C. U. again. Financial report shows that this little organization raised more than twice as much money during the last half of 1924 as had been raised in any year's history before.

Maine

Bangor.—Rev. Ashley A. Smith, D. D., pastor. On Young People's Sunday a group of our young people conducted the entire morning service as follows: Opening service and morning lesson by Miss Dorothea Lewis; the sermon was delivered under three separate topics by members of the Y. P. C. U.: "Service," Miss Elizabeth Adams, "Loyalty," Philip A. Smith, "Love," Miss Eola Mayo, who also offered the prayer and benediction. Announcements and hymns were given out by William Lewis. Dr. Smith was seated in one of the front pews during the entire service. A large congregation was in attendance. On Monday evening, Feb. 2, a supper, business meeting, and social of the Y. P. C. U. was held with great success. There was a total of fifty-four present, twenty-two being new members, who took the Y. P. C. U. pledge that night. At this meeting, the treasurer reported over $200 netted from an entertainment given by the young people in Bangor City Hall in January. It was voted to contribute $100 of this amount to the Dorothy Memorial Fund. The Y. P. C. U. orchestra, composed of Miss Pauline Jordan, piano, Miss Ruth Jordan violin, Mr. Abram Libbey, saxophone, and Mr. Carlyle Johnson, bells, furnishes music for the song service at the Sunday evening meetings of the Union. Our Sunday school was recently given $100 by one of our church members. A supper and musicale was given in the church, Jan. 30, under the joint auspices of the Hall Class and the choir, which netted over $100. A large part of the proceeds will be given to the Dorothy Memorial Fund, and the remainder will be used as a nucleus for a music fund.

Massachusetts

Boston, Grove Hall.—Sunday, Feb. 1, marked the official beginning of a new pastorate. The new minister, Rev. Flint M. Bissell, has been settled in Dorchester and preaching regularly since Dec. 1, but is now formally "recognized." The program was something of a departure from the traditional "installation." It was called a "Service of Recognition and Greeting," and was just that. There was a formal—though simple—service in the church, where the minister was "recognized" by denominational officials and "greeted" by local neighbors, and an informal reception in the parish house where the minister and his wife were greeted by everybody who cared to come—and that was everybody in the parish, and many from outside, including a large num-

ber of old friends of Mr. and Mrs. Bissell, some of whom came long distances. Palms and flowers were massed about the altar. The organist, Mr. Wm. V. Pett, gave a well balanced musical program, beginning with a fifteen minute organ recital, followed by selections by the soloist and the ladies' quartette. Dr. Coons represented the State Convention, speaking of the patience and persistence with which he and the church committee had looked for a minister, and expressing his satisfaction with the result. Dr. Marshall, speaking for the denomination as a whole, congratulated minister and people on their share in a splendid heritage of heroic and honorable achievement, and still more on their privilege of facing together the challenge of the present call and opportunity. Dr. Tenney, for many years minister at Grove Hall and still beloved by all, invoked the "blessing of the Lord." Mr. Spear of the Roxbury church brought a message of neighborliness and good-will. Mr. Shaw, rector of St. Mark's Episcopal Church, graciously greeted Mr. Bissell as a co-worker. Mr. Horton, moderator of the parish, extended to the minister the greetings of the parish, welcomed him to the church, to the homes of the people, took him by the hand and assured him that they had already taken him into their hearts. Mr. Bissell pronounced the benediction, and all adjourned to the parish house where the ladies had made ready, and where for an hour and a half the throng enjoyed music, refreshments and the sociability for which Grove Hall is famous.

Brockton.—Rev. H. Elmer Peters, pastor. Miss Rita M. Hayward has been regularly chosen as official correspondent and empowered to give to the *Leader* the news of our doings. The annual sale, known as the Rainbow Sale, in which every organization of the parish co-operated, was a success both artistically and financially. The vestry since Christmas has been newly decorated, making it very attractive. Mrs. Grace Morrison Poole, formerly president of the Federation of Women's Clubs in Massachusetts, has a class of adults in the church school. After Easter, Mrs. Poole's father, Rev. W. H. Morrison, D. D., of Nashua, intends taking up his residence in Brockton. The Nash Class, a group of young men, gave a Minstrel Show on Feb. 6. Four entertainments from the White Bureau of Boston are being sponsored by the Y. P. C. U. The Mission Circle visited the Wales Home for Aged Women recently and entertained the members of the Home family with music.

Minnesota

Minneapolis, Redeemer.—Rev. M. D. Shutter, D. D., pastor. Minneapolis Boy Scouts were guests of honor at this church Sunday evening, Feb. 8. A special program had been prepared, and included an address by Rev. Ellsworth C. Reamon, "After Scouting, What?" a one reel picture, "Boy's Life Out of Doors," and the motion picture, "The Deerslayer," taken from Cooper's novel and dedicated to the Boy Scouts of America. Over nine hundred persons were present, nearly half of whom were Scouts. Our own troop, Roosevelt No. 2, is ranked as one of the best in the Twin Cities. "Outward Bound," one of the outstanding plays of the season, was sponsored at one of the local theaters on the evening of Feb. 9 by members of the Women's Association and Clara Barton Guild. The play was well attended, with the result that approximately $270 was cleared. The church has accepted its quota under the Five Year Program.

Nova Scotia

Halifax.—Rev. Oluf Tandberg, pastor. A very successful service was held on Young People's Sunday, Jan. 25. The development of initiative and ability by the Y. P. C. U. members during the three years of Mr. Tandberg's pastorate was very evident. The Scripture was read by Dorothy Drysdale, fourteen, and the prayer was given by James Beatty, sixteen. Miss Janet Wolfe gave an address on "Hymnology," Miss Ruth Schaffer one on "The Word of God," which will be printed in an early issue of the *Leader*, and Mrs. J. E. Schaffer, president of the Halifax Y. P. C. U., spoke on "Where Does our Church Stand To-day?"

Ohio

Eldorado.—Rev. Elmer Druley, pastor. Mr. Druley began his work as pastor of the churches at Eldorado and Eaton Sept. 1. He was ordained at Eaton Dec. 11. Rev. Thomas Chapman of Belpre, Mr. Druley's home church, preached the ordination sermon, and Rev. W. E. Leavitt of Conover, a member of the Fellowship Committee, took part in the service. Four of the orthodox ministers of Eaton were present and took part, as did our State Superintendent, Stanley Stall, of Cincinnati. The Eldorado people assisted in the music. We have been holding a week of meetings. Mr. Druley began the meetings Sunday morning, and preached each evening until Saturday, when he left to fill his regular appointment at Eaton. Rev. Sara L. Stoner of Prospect, a former pastor, occupied the pulpit Saturday night and both times on Sunday. She christened one child Sunday morning.

Vermont

Brattleboro.—Rev. E. P. Wood, pastor. The annual meeting of the church was held Jan. 15. Reports showed increased interest in all departments. Mr. Freeman Scott was elected president. The 70th annual fair was held on Jan. 29. About 1,000 admission tickets were sold, 200 dinner tickets and 450 supper tickets. The entertainment consisted of songs and dances of different periods during the past seventy-five years. The decoration was a scheme of yellow streamers and golden bells. Many of the ladies at the booths were in costumes of long ago. The church is co-operating with seven other churches in a school of religious education, the pastor being a member of the faculty. There has been a marked gain in church and Sunday school attendance since the beginning of the year.

Wisconsin

Racine.—At the annual meeting Jan. 16, splendid reports were made by all departments. S. B. Walker, Mrs. L. P. Munroe, and Josiah Hocking were unanimously elected to succeed themselves on the board of trustees, and Mr. Edward Hoernal was elected to take the place of Mrs. F. R. Washburn, who has gone to Spokane to make her home. It was unanimously voted to support the Five Year Program.

* *

THE BIBLE MADE TO SING

A dramatization of the book of Nehemiah and called "The Builder" is the latest effort of Mrs. Eleanor Wood Whitman to make the Old Testament live in drama form. She has departed somewhat from the style used in her previous plays and has given to her story of the building of the walls of Jerusalem an accompaniment of vocal and instrumental music. There is no resemblance to opera, but the songs burst forth from the citizens of the Holy City spontaneously and naturally. Mr. Henry Gideon, director of the Temple Choirs, is co-operating with Mrs. Whitman, and is responsible for the choral numbers to be sung by his choral group, members of which will assume most of the parts of the play. Mr. John Pratt Whitman, who has already impersonated Isaiah, Amos, and Jeremiah, will be seen as Nehemiah. The first performance of the Bible Musical Drama will be given at Jordan Hall, Boston, Feb. 23, 8 p. m.

* *

LENTEN SERVICES IN BOSTON

"Thy Kingdom Come upon Earth" is the topic selected this year for thirty-three speakers who are to address audiences during Lent at Keith's Theater, Boston, at the noon hour, under the auspices of the Greater Boston Federation of Churches. The Religious Work Committee that made up the program believes a subject of this nature will serve to tie up the interest of all communions and all phases of religious thought. There may be much doctrinal difference between denominations, but an ideal home, school, city, state, market, nation are in the common minds of all and recognized by all. The weeks will be divided up as follows: Feb. 25, 26, 27, Thy Kingdom Come in the Home; March 2-6, in the Neighborhood, March 9-13, in the school; March 16-20, among the nations; March 23-27, in the city and state; March 30, 31, April 1, 2, 3, in the

market (business); April 6-10 in the human heart. Fine music will be provided for each occasion and every service will be broadcast by Station WEEI. Programs of the series giving names of all speakers may be had at 4 Park St., Greater Boston Federation of Churches.

* *

THE MURRAY GROVE REPORT

The report of the Murray Grove Association for 1924, just at hand, is highly attractive—attractive as a piece of printing and attractive as a record of good work well done.

It is delightful to know that the Association has made a successful struggle against the burden of debt with which it has been encumbered and now, with its property greatly enlarged and improved, is financially solvent. No doubt further important developments will be undertaken in the very near future.

The management of the Association, according to the present constitution, is always under the supervision of the Universalist General Convention, which always has the power to take over the entire enterprise if business is not satisfactorily conducted. This makes Murray Grove, as it should be, not a local, but a denominational possession.

The report shows progress, not merely in financial matters, but in educational and spiritual undertakings. The Institutes in 1924 were highly profitable. A new feature was "The Festival of Sermons," a large group of our leading preachers, under the generalship of Dr. John Smith Lowe, delivering a series of noteworthy sermons on the doctrine and mission of the Universalist Church.

* *

SOUTHERN UNIVERSALIST INSTITUTE

Arrangements have been completed by the management of the Southern Universalist Institute (heretofore known as the Southern Universalist Young People's Institute) for the 1925 sessions at Camp Hill, Ala., June 19 to 28. The buildings of the Southern Industrial Institute, of which Rev. Lyman Ward is principal, have been rented, together with necessary equipment, so that excellent dormitory facilities, class room space, and chapel, will be available. The dining-room and kitchen of the school will also be used. Beautiful grounds surround the buildings, and the environment of the meetings for this summer will be delightful.

The faculty has not been completed yet, but Mrs. Ladie Rowlett, of Atlanta, Ga., will be the matron in charge of the young ladies, and will also teach two subjects. Rev. F. B. Bishop, D. D., Southern Superintendent, will have two classes in Bible Study, a representative of the W. N. M. A. will direct the Missionary Study program, and other instructors will be added to handle courses which may be desired.

The Institute is attempting to operate as an independent organization, and for that purpose the Southern Universalist Association has been formed. Dues for membership in this Association are: annual memberships $2; patrons $10; life members $100. It is the desire of the management to make the Institute self-supporting, if possible, and all who are interested in this endeavor to make more efficient the work of our Church in the South are invited to enroll as members. All communications and checks should be sent to Rev. George A. Gay, Director, Camp Hill, Ala.

* *

PERRY BUSH AT THE BOSTON UNIVERSALIST CLUB

Rev. R. Perry Bush, pastor of our Chelsea church for the greater part of his life, and still active in all good Universalist words and works, was the guest of honor at the Boston Universalist Club, Feb. 9, and spoke upon Abraham Lincoln. Dr. Bush was introduced by Rev. Charles F. Patterson, president of the Club, who very wittily claimed him as a parishioner and took credit for all his achievements.

As always Dr. Bush was clear and effective. In a concise way he gave the complete story of the life of Lincoln that was both informing and moving. The members of the Club, under his guidance, saw the pioneer Lincoln in 1780 moving from the Shenendoah Valley and making his way to Kentucky, and his death there years later at the hands of Indians. They heard the old story of Thomas Lincoln, son of this pioneer, and of Nancy Hanks, whom he married, the hardships of pioneer life, the removal when Abraham Lincoln was eight years of age to Indiana, and the death of Lincoln's mother. Dr. Bush described young Lincoln as making his way through a library, not large but "one which he completely mastered," the Bible, Esop's Fables, Pilgrim's Progress and one or two biographies, the removal of the family from Indiana to Illinois, the struggles of the young man for knowledge and his success finally in reaching the Bar. The speaker emphasized that all this time he was known as a boy and man of integrity. From the service in the Black Hawk War and his service in the state legislature, his brief career in Congress, Dr. Bush went on to the anti-slavery agitation which gave Lincoln his great chance. By the time Douglas introduced his bill to repeal the Missouri Compromise in 1854 Lincoln had not only a profound knowledge of American history but he had become a great psychologist. "He knew the common mind." Dr. Bush took his hearers over the terrible years of the Civil War, picturing the patience, courage and faith of the great President. He described his play of humor, "the saving grace in dark days." He quoted from some of the President's greatest speeches and said that they belonged to literature for all time. Closing, he referred to his religion. "There were only two churches to which he could have belonged," said Dr. Bush, "one was the Unitarian and one was the Universalist. I am glad, however, that he never was enrolled, for all of us can claim him."

The address made a great impression, the diners rising to their feet and cheering the speaker.

Rev. Frederick S. Walker, Rev. Charles F. Patterson, Mr. Fletcher Osgood and Mr. Freeman took part in the discussion which followed. One of the visitors of the evening, Rev. Albert Hammatt, made the closing address, in which he referred humorously to the college days of his chum and classmate, Dr. Bush, and paid a noble tribute to his life work.

Rev. Frederick S. Walker furnished music on the piano and there was chorus singing.

* *

CHURCH MEMBERS REPORTED IN 1925

Previously reported	23
Kinston, N. C.	2
Total	25

* *

CHRISTENINGS

Previously reported, 1. Eldorado, Ohio, 1. Kinston, N. C., 1. Total, 3.

* *

CORRECTION

In our report of the "Successful Boston Dinner," in the issue of Feb. 7, we gave to the North Cambridge church the credit which belonged to First Church, Cambridge. It was First Church, not the North Cambridge church, which sent twenty-two men to the dinner.

* *

A COURSE IN SOCIAL SERVICE

Church members must sometimes feel called upon by their own consciences, in addition to their pastors' words, to undertake more personal service in homes of neighbors who are in some form of distress or plainly in lack of opportunities. Then, at once, a person who is thoughtful as well as sympathetic will ask: Am I sufficiently experienced and informed to ensure my efforts as reasonably helpful?

The Family Welfare Society of Boston is trying to fill this educational need by a course of eight weekly exercises to begin on March 11. The aim is to give the elementary but fundamental information for carrying out the society's main purpose of strengthening home life, of re-establishing it when breaking down, and also to quicken both in the worker and later in the person dealt with the power of imagination, patience and hope—resources, again, which are elemental and fundamental.

Women, and men too, who have had opportunities, who are able to order with fair effectiveness their own lives, can thus be doing with a small contribution of time

and effort a work which is challenging and essentially Christian.

Persons who would join this course may write to Mrs. Fred Smith, Family Welfare Society, 3 Chardon Court, Boston, for fuller detail.

* *

STILL WORKING FOR THE CHURCH

To the Universalist Leader:

You will find enclosed two dollars to pay my subscription for another year.

I will be eighty-nine the 12th of April next and have read the *Leader* all its life, and expect to read it as long as I live if my eyes don't fail me. They are pretty good yet.

I have been a member of the Universalist church ever since 1859. My husband and all my children belong to it. We all joined it in Ohio where we then lived. Ohio is our native state. We came to Arkansas for the climate, as my husband was a Union soldier and lost his health in the service, but he died the 18th of December in 1910. I am a widow now, but I still work on for the church as I can.

Yours with very best wishes, for the cause of Universalism,

——— ———.

* *

SLIDES FOR OVERSEAS

Any one who has sets of old slides showing pictures of foreign travel, life and events in America, or slides used for teaching good health and sanitation, can confer a very great favor by donating them to Near East Relief for use in the orphanages, where they will aid in the education of the children. Every picture should, if possible, be clearly captioned.

Address S. R. Vinton, 151 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Mark the package *Slides for Overseas.*

* *

NOTICE

Please send all orders for the leaflet "The Parish of God's Intention," direct to the W. N. M. office, 176 Newbury St., Boston.

Also kindly send all Bulletin corrections to the same address.

* *

BOOK REVIEWS

(*Continued from page* 24)

Christian by reliance upon inherited patterns, but upon Christian attitudes and convictions embodied and expressed in the Christian group's life . . . If the Christian group can not meet to-day's needs, and by its convictions inspire creative forces to make a world of justice and good will, the Church will become a mere social vestige." As the idea of sin has changed, so the idea of salvation has changed also. The conception of Jesus, too, has altered, so that emphasis now falls on Jesus' doctrine of love rather than on any phase of dogma. The Modernist's thought of God makes room for science, stressing the immanence of God and His revelation in law.

Most of this is, of course, commonplace, but we have not seen the position better stated. Dr. Mathews touches upon almost all the sailent points of the present controversy over religion, but he does not deal with them in a controversial manner. One may disagree on many counts and yet find much of value in the book.

* *

The February Magazines

Romain Rolland writes for the *Century* the story of an interview with Ernest Renan, an episode of his college days. In an excellent article called "White, but Black" an anonymous author discusses one phase of the ngero problem. Robert Duffus attempts to sum up the tendencies of the first quarter of the century.

"Up from Methodism," an article in the *American Mercury*, by Herbert Asbury, is a marvel of bad taste and poor writing. Edgar Lee Masters contributes a study of John Peter Altgeld.

Dean Inge, in prophetic mood, outlines in the *Atlantic Monthly* the possible development of religion. Prof. Johnston Ross makes reply to the article on prayer which Professor Lake some time ago contributed.

Jules Bois, psychologist, begins in the *Forum* a series of articles on the new religions of America. Thomas Mott Osborne and Robert Crowe debate the death penalty, Henry Osborn writes on evolution, and W. E. B. Du Bois gives Africa's answer to the question, "What is Civilization?'

* *

PLEDGE CARDS

Pledge cards for the Southern Building Fund are available and may be secured from your State Secretary or from the office of the W. N. M. A., 176 Newbury St., Boston.

The Building Committee will appreciate an early payment of contributions to this fund. If you knew the great need for these buildings, we are sure you would co-operate with us in this matter.

Send all money to your State Secretary and ask that it be passed on immediately to the National Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Susan S. Bishop, 849 Myrtle Ave., Bridgeport, Conn.

Notices

MAINE FELLOWSHIP COMMITTEE

Granted license as minister to Harold I. Merrill and Carleton B. French.

Granted license to ordained clergymen to Rev. John Branch (renewal) and Rev. Montford S. Hill.

Granted letter of transfer to Rev. Harriet B. Robinson to Vermont.

Accepted letter of transfer of Rev. Charles Easternhouse and Rev. Wm. A. Garner, both from Illinois.

Allen Brown, Secretary.

* *

DAY OF PRAYER FOR MISSIONS

Feb. 27, the first Friday in Lent, will be observed all over the United States and Canada as a Day of Prayer for world wide missions. A service of worship and intercession under the auspices of the Interdenominational Committee for Home and Foreign Missions for Eastern Massachusetts will be held in the Crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral, Boston, from 10.30 a. m. to 12.30 p. m., on that date. The leader will be Mrs. Mary Ninde Gamewell, author of the current mission study book, "Ming Kwong: City of the Morning Light," also of "New Life Currents in China." Mrs. Gamewell has spent many years in China and is a delightful speaker. Mrs. Theodore S. Lee, formerly of Satara, India, and now on the staff of the Congregational Woman's Board of Missions, will direct the period of intercession.

* *

DAILY SERVICES AT KING'S CHAPEL

Feb. 11-27. To be announced.

March 3, 4, 5, 6. Rev. Frank C. Doan, Ph. D., First Unitarian Congregational Society, Rochester, N. Y.

March 10-13. To be announced.

March 17, 18, 19, 20. Rev. Cornelius Woelfkin, D. D., Park Avenue Baptist Church, New York.

March 24. Rev. Abbot Peterson, First Parish, Brookline, Mass.

March 25, 26, 27. Rev. James Gordon Gilkey, South Congregational Church, Springfield, Mass.

March 31. Rev. Alexander Maccoll, D. D., Second Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia, Pa.

* *

SOMEWHERE THERE'S A JOB THAT FITS THIS MAN!

We have a regularly ordained minister in our Church who, by reason of having a large family—a wife and five children—has had to keep his nose to the grindstone holding down a steady job, and has not been able to go out to preach as much as he wants to; indeed, he rather glories in being able to work, but he is very anxious for a wider field.

Where Is Needed a Printer and Preacher?

This man is an all-round country printer, editor and proofreader, has owned and run his own newspaper for years, has held useful positions. He is anxious to find some parish with a parsonage which needs a pastor and where a member of that parish has a newspaper or printing office where he could work, and where he could help build up the church. A church not able to hire a full time man is the one he is thinking of.

Address communications, for further details, to

John Smith Lowe,
176 *Newbury Street, Boston, Mass.*

Obituary

Mrs. Margaret Garner

Mrs. Margaret Garner, born in 1842 in Indiana, spent her early married life in Illinois, not far from Springfield, where her husband, James A. Garner, cleared land and farmed and gardened for many years. Six children were born to them, four of whom remain, Mrs. Ann Hope at Fort Dodge, Kan., Mrs. Sarah Neer at Williamsville, Ill., Mrs. Martha Jones at Clinton, N. C., and Mr. E. Manford Garner at Wichita, Kan.

While living in Illinois Mr. Garner came out from the faith of his early days and was soon known as the best informed and ablest layman representing the Universalist faith in that whole region, but Mrs. Garner was always of the faith, though never living where she had privileges of the Universalist church till she made her home with her daughter, Mrs. Leon P. Jones, at Clinton, N. C., where she died Jan. 24.

Rev. Dwight A. Ball conducted the funeral service Monday, Jan. 26, in the Clinton Universalist church, and Rev. Leon P. Jones followed with a tribute to Mrs. Garner. Burial was at Delphos, Kansas, beside her husband.

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The Universalist Ministry
Jan 26

Crackling

An untimely frost effectually completed the mischief done earlier by the insect enemies of Mr. Perkins's potatoes. The tops of the plants, which had served as pasturage for the pests, were entirely destroyed, and with them Mr. Perkins's hopes of a crop. He was not selfish, however, and could think of others in the hour of adversity. In the afternoon he was accosted at the post-office by a friend.

"Hello, Perkins! How's everything up to the corners?"

"Trouble enough, Williamson, trouble enough!" was the gloomy response. "Ten million potato-bugs, and nothing for 'em to eat!"—*Everybody's Magazine.*

* *

"Don't ask advice," said Uncle Eben, "unless you has made up yoh mind and feels free to enjoy a little conversation."—*Washington Star.*

* *

Harold, six years old, had some trouble with a neighbor's children. That night when he had gone to bed, his mother asked if he had said his prayers. "And did you pray for the heathen, too?" she asked.

"Yes," he answered, hesitatingly, "all but the three next door."—*Tit-Bits.*

* *

In the church pharmacy are at least four bromides that infallibly produce a quiescent conscience, and gently put the patient to sleep: 1. I work so hard all the week that when Sunday morning comes—; 2. When I was a boy I was made to go to church three times on Sunday, and so now—; 3. Company came just as we were about ready—; 4. I came twice, and not a soul spoke to me—.—*Trinity Church News, Brooklyn.*

* *

"Has Meyer changed much in the years he has been away?"

"No, but he thinks he has."

"How so?"

"Why, he is always talking about what a fool he used to be!"—*Nagel's Lustige Welt (Berlin).*

* *

The Man: "I paid a guinea to a palmist yesterday. She described you exactly, and said we should be married within a month."

The Girl: "How extravagant you are! I could have told you that for nothing!"—*The Humorist (London).*

* *

First Girl in Elevator: "Miss S— is a nice girl, but rather loquacious."

Second Girl in Elevator: "Yes, and besides that, she talks too much."—*Albany Evening Journal.*

* *

Careless Friend.—Investigation into the theory that a friend might have lopped off the youth's limbs and head is being made.—*From a News Item in the Washington Times.*

The Five Year Program

National Laymen's Committee

State meetings of laymen in connection with this campaign have been held in the following places:

Chicago	Boston	Augusta
Philadelphia	Portland	Hartford
New York	Bellows Falls	Concord

The next IMPORTANT meeting will be in

SYRACUSE, NEW YORK
Tuesday, February 24, 1925

Lunch at the hotel at noon followed by an all afternoon conference

Speakers:

Ralph S. Baker, Watertown, New York
Robert W. Hill, Executive Chairman
John Smith Lowe, D. D., General Superintendent
Abram Zoller, Little Falls, New York
and others

Other state conferences are being planned

* * * * * *

Official opening of the campaign

National Laymen's Sunday
March 1, 1925

We are prepared to supply our churches with competent laymen speakers on the general topic:

The Laymen and the Church